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CORINTHIA;

OR,

UPPER-TENDOM ON A CRUISE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY NED BUNTLINE.

Allow me to introduce to you Miss Thais Buttonwood, daughter of Daniel Buttonwood, a retired merchant—retired because he has made more money than he knows what to do with, the annual income of which would be a fortune in the eyes of any person less reasonable than a Girard or an Astor. Miss Thais Buttonwood, sister of Marcus Buttonwood, who is the fastest of the Fifth avenue *rapidities*, and calls himself a *Corinthian*, because he excels in driving fast horses, using the pugilistic gloves, and such exercises as develope the muscles, and still others which deplete plethoric purses,

Allow me to introduce you to her as she rushes into an elegant *boudoir*, in a very charming bloomer dress; her fine, but rather bold face flushed with violent exercise; her well-developed bust heaving and panting like the swell of the ocean; her dark brown tresses all astray over her lovely neck and shoulders; her great blue eyes full of light and pleasure.

Into her *boudoir* she rushes, sinks panting on a sofa, and rings a bell.

A female servant attends her in a moment.

"Lucy, go and tell Robert, the butler, to make me a strong sangaree, and to send me a nice lunch right away! I'm in a hurry, for my exercise is over, and I expect Miss Fanny Moreton here this morning."

"She is already here, Miss Thais. I was coming to tell you so when you rung your bell."

"Then bring her right up here, and tell the butler to send more lunch, and coffee and cordials. Make haste, for brother Marcus has almost tired me out this morning."

The servant retired, and in a few moments Miss Fannie Moreton, an elegantly dressed and very handsome lady, of, perhaps, twenty years' lifetimo—two in advance of Thais, at least—entered the room.

"Oh, Fannie, I am *so* glad to see you!" cried Thais, as she rose to embrace and welcome her friend. "Don't look astonished at my dress. I've just come from my exercise with brother Marcus in our gymnasium. I commenced with a game of billiards, beating him ten points in a hundred. Then I fenced with him half an hour, and did very well. Then I put on the gloves, and it was give and take between us for another half hour. Oh, I tell you it was splendid! He says there isn't a half dozen amateurs in town that could stand up in the ring with me. You ought to see me give it to him right and left, left and right!"

"It must be very fatiguing," said Miss Moreton, who was evidently one of those *Dudu*-like characters whose most violent exercise, by choice, would consist in walking through a quadrille, playing an overture on the piano, or a favorite piece for Marcus Buttonwood on the harp. For Marcus was a "catch," and as her own prospects in a financial way were not very brilliant, though she was a belle in upper-tendom, she was anxious to catch him.

"It was at first, but I've got used to it now, and Marcus says I stand it like a buck," said Thais. "Oh, how I wish I was a man, so that I could go out and see some fun. It would be so nice to visit the gay saloons where the fast boys congregate, and if any of them got saucy, to put them 'through a course of sprouts,' as Marcus says he does sometimes. But here comes lunch. I've ordered a sherry sangaree, Fannie; I suppose you cannot go in for anything so heavy as that. I've sent for coffee and cordials for you. I suppose you like *parfait d'amour*—eh, *mon cher?* Don't blush now, Fannie. We all like that, you know, in moderate doses."

"'An honest confession is good for the soul'—so the parsons say," cried a pleasant voice at the door; and Marcus Buttonwood, a fine, manly-looking fellow of twenty-one or two, stepped into the room, without ceremony.

And now Miss Fannie Moreton did blush a little, *interestingly*, as Marcus shook her gloved hand and told her that she looked so remarkably well that he would not insult her by asking after her health.

"And you'd look better yet, Miss Fannie, if you took half as much exercise as I put sis through every day," said he.

"I know I should take more exercise," said Miss Fannie, while her dark eyes sought the shadow of the long, silken lashes. "But I have no such opportunities at home as Thais has here—no kind brother to assist me in such exercises.

And she sighed very gently, and raised her great black eyes with a quick and excellently affected glance of timidity to his.

"Oh, that shall be no excuse. If you will join in our exercise, I'll put you in a class with sister. You play billiards, of course?"

"No. I am sorry, since your sister likes the game, that I do not."

"We can soon learn you—can't we, sis?"

"Yes, indeed. I'll be your teacher, Fannie; but you can't play or exercise in them 'long togs,' as brother calls them. You must go with me to Madame Demorest's, and have a bloomer suit made. That leaves you free for action, don't it bub? See, Fannie, see!"

And Thais sprung to her feet and squared off at her brother in a style which would have made half the "feather weights" of the P. R. mad with envy.

"I rather think we'd better pitch into the lunch, sis," said Marcus, laughing. "Robert will bring me a better *punch* than you can give me. And then we'll go down into the drawing-room and hear a little music from the lips of *la belle Fannie*."

"What! music before dinner, Marcus? You are getting heathenish," said Thais, with a laugh. "None but pupils and their half-starved Dutch teachers ever make morning hideous with music! We'll lunch, and then you can order the carriage, and attend Fannie and me on a shopping tour. Those are your *orders*—do you understand?"

"Yes. I suppose, since you're two to one, I'll have to give in. At present, as I'm thirsty and hungry—don't be shocked, Miss Fannie—I'm in for lunch."

And the trio commenced paying attention to the large tray of edibles and bibibles brought in by the butler. Marcus and his sister showed the benefits of exercise by their appetites, but Miss Fannie, more ethereal, sipped a little cordial and nibbled a piece of cake, and declared she was dining instead of lunching.

"You'll find an appetite after you've exercised with us for a week or two;" said Marcus, smiling at her delicate efforts.

It was three weeks later—the scene, the same boudoir

Fannie Moreton looking taller, fuller, handsomer in every way, stood there panting as we first saw Thais, in a bloomer dress. And Thais, her cheeks as red as a moss rose and her eyes as bright as the early dew on the same, stood laughing by her side.

"Oh, it was capital!" said the little beauty. "Here you are—only a pupil of three weeks, beating your master. Marcus had more than his hands full with the gloves this morning. When you drew the claret from his 'smeller' you made me laugh myself half to death! Oh, if we were only men, what fun we'd have. I should so like to take a tour around town and visit Harry's club. I know the pass-word to his club!"

"Do you? Suppose we dress up and go there. I think we could so disguise ourselves with false moustaches, brown paint, and wigs over our own hair, that, dressed as men, we could go anywhere. And with canes, and our knowledge in the various arts of self-defence, I think we could walk our way through any trouble that might come! It would be a good joke on Marcus, for we could tell him after we had got home, what he had been doing in his club, and 'twould puzzle him to know how we found out!"

"So it would! Fannie you're a girl after my own heart. I never saw such a change for the better as you've made in three weeks. You are twice as handsome as you used to be—brother says so, and I'm sure he's a good judge of beauty!"

Fannie blushed—but it was a blush of pleasure. She was playing hard for her game, and began to think she held a winning hand. For no other game than the hand of one whose wealth and position would place her in the highest ranks of financial and social upper-tendom would she have sunk her natural delicacy, and forced herself out of her natural love for ease and dreamy quiet. Ambition alone forced her to what at first was a terrible task, and even yet was not a pleasure.

"Well, what say you, Thais, dear? Shall we get disguises, and take as your brother calls it, 'a cruise around town to-night?'"

"Yes—Fannie—yes, by all means. You get the wigs, moustaches and dresses. I'll get a pair of revolvers, and a couple of fancy canes, and we must have boots—good large ones, for if we have a fit, our feet would betray us. Good large gloves too—and cigars—how will you do, you can't smoke, Fannie, though *I* can?"

"It is not every gentleman that smokes," said Fannie with a laugh. "Smoking is a *habit*, not a fashion, thanks to grace! But let us go to your dressing room and change our dresses. I want to feel like a lady once more!"

"So that a change to a masculine dress this evening will *be* a change. Eh, darling? Well, come along!"

And whistling a quick march, Thais led the way to her dressing room.

Broadway as usual was all aglare with light that evening, light from frequent street lamps, light from the millions of gas jets in the showy windows, light from the calcium wonder on Barnum's Museum. The hour was ten or eleven, few *ladies* were on the promenade, yet many females were there.

On a corner not far from the Park, and close by a saloon patronized mostly by men who glory in the name of "sports," stood a couple of rough looking men, dressed not genteely, but flashily. They had just come up from the saloon in the basement, and were discussing some plan of operations for the night, when a couple of very fine looking and well-dressed young men leisurely walking down the street, attracted their attention.

"I say, Miller," said one of them, a square-shouldered, black-muzzled fellow—"there's a couple of flats, I'll bet. Green as *cowcumbers*—couldn't we ring 'em in somewhere?"

"No harm, Sam, in trying! Let's see where they're going to, and if we can pick 'em it's all O. K. That smallest chap has got a pretty diamond in his shirt, and the other one carries a ticker by the looks of that guard on his vest! Come along!'

And as the young men passed, they were followed in silence and very closely by the men just introduced to your notice.

Not noticing that they were followed, the two young men in very effeminate voices conversed loud enough to be heard by those behind them.

"I don't wan't to go to the club till after midnight—then I've heard brother say they're in full blast!" said the smallest one. "What shall we do to kill time until then, Frank?"

"Go into some billiard room to pass away time. There's no fun in walking the streets. Oh, there's a sign down that street, Fulton, isn't it? OTIS FIELD, BILLIARDS; that's the place for us."

"You're right, Frank—we can play two or three games, and then be all right and in time for the club."

And the two young men, closely followed by the black muzzled sports, turned down Fulton street and entered a saloon which was filled with elegant tables, all of which were occupied, except one at the farther end of the room.

"Will you have a game, gentlemen?" asked an elderly person, whose smile was as bright as the early sunrise of a May morning.

"Yes, if you please," said Frank.

"And shall I bring you anything to steady your nerves for the contest, gentlemen?" continued the pleasant-looking and soft-spoken elderly person, as he took the billiard balls from a drawer in his well-stocked bar.

"A couple of sherry cobblers, if you please," said the younger of the two.

Mr. Field, for he was the smiling elderly person, gave the order to his bar-keeper, and took the balls to the table, and pointed out the cue rack to his new customers, that they might choose cues for themselves, while he spotted the balls.

This done, he called his son, a bright-eyed boy of twelve or fourteen, to mark the game, and returned to the bar. And a frown gathered on his pleasant face, as he saw the two men we have before spoken of, seat themselves in a position where they could look at the game on the last table. For he knew who and what they were, and they were not of a class that he wished in or about his establishment.

The two young men played well, and it required but a little time for them to run out three games. This done, Frank looked at his watch and said:—

"It is time we were going up town, Thay! It is nearly twelve!"

"Well, I am ready. What is to pay, my young friend?" asked the other, addressing the boy.

"Pay father at the bar," said the latter.

The two young men put up their cues and went to the bar, where they paid their bill, and then they went out, closely followed by the two "sports," or rather "roughs," who had sat smoking while they played.

The young men had not reached Broadway, when young Field overtook them, and told them his father wanted to see them, they had forgotten something.

Though they could think of nothing which they had forgotten, they returned instantly, passing, as they did, the curs on their track, one of whom growled to the other.

"I'll bet drinks that d—d old cuss is going to put them chaps on their guard about us!"

And it was so. Otis had noticed the men's looks; he knew their characters, and he had called his young customers back to warn them of their danger, and to put them upon their guard against the men whom he so well described, that they remembered having seen them while they were playing. The young men thanked him, and at his earnest solicitation, took a glass of wine with him, and went out again.

They had not gone ten steps before they saw and recognized the two men whom Field had described. Appearing not to notice them, the young men passed on to Broadway, crossed to the "dollar side," and walked slowly up the street. A careless glance behind them told that they were followed by the "sports," and they began to see a "muss," as Mose, of 40's Hose, would call it, in embryo."

They had arrived at the corner where these men stood when they first were introduced to the reader, when the one whom the other called Sam, stepped suddenly forward, and touching Frank on the shoulder, said in a tone which he meant to make pleasant:—

"Can you tell me the time o' night, sir?"

"It isn't very far from midnight—but it may strike two before long, if we are followed much farther by you!" said Frank, boldly, though his boyish voice trembled a little. We know you, and you'll save yourselves trouble by keeping your distance."

"Big words from a light stomach, my young rooster," said the other, sneeringly. "You'd better go down there and treat us, or you'll get lifted higher than a kite!"

"I think you had better go first, then!" said the smallest of the young men, and in an instant, a blow fairly planted between the bully's eyes, knocked him from his feet down the steep stone steps of the saloon, and through its window-glass door.

"He needs company!" cried Frank, and as the other ruffian, hearing the crash, turned to look for his companion, a scientific tap from the clenched hand of Frank took him under the ear, and he, too, went down the steps like a log.

"We must run for it, Thay! We must run for it, or there will be damages or something worse to pay!" cried Frank, and in a few moments the young men were far from that corner, and safely ensconced in a hack, driving up town, leaving the disappointed and infuriated sports to pay for broken glass, and have their cuts and bruises attended to without any sign of present satisfaction.

One more change of scene. Up Broadway, close to that square where the equestrian statue of Washington can be seen—that square where the noble Baker, in the noblest speech uttered since the commencement of the rebellion, devoted his life to the Union cause which he since lost in the battle's front—is a "brown stone front," in which more men, young and old, have met their ruin, than perhaps any other ten buildings in the city. It is devoted almost entirely to public and private gambling. Some of its rooms are occupied by private clubs; others are rented by men whose only profession is the art and science of gambling—whose only business is to fleece the sheep who are silly enough to visit their dens.

In a private suite of rooms on the ground floor, which we will visit, a suite consisting of a smoking and reading room, a supper room, and a card parlor back of all, we will find one of our old friends—Marcus Buttonwood. With about a dozen more young men, mostly of his own class, we find him in the back room of all, considerably the worse for the wine he had been pouring down, and in a furious rage. The cause is, that after having lost a couple of hundred dollars in a two handed game of euchre, he fancies that his partner, Mr. Mortimer Selden, a visitor, but not a member of the club, has been "playing off," and purposely letting the other side win, because, when they—Buttonwood and Selden—played to see which of the two should bear the whole loss, Selden won the game, and consequently lost nothing during the evening.

So Marcus, in his rage, pronounced all three of his opponents everything but gentlemen, and was in a pretty tough fix, for all three, nearly as tight as he was, were on the point of pitching into him alone, when two other persons joined the company.

They were the two young men whom we have already seen through one bad scrape and who seem willing enough to get into another, for the one called Frank, cried, as he saw how many were going at one—

"Hold on here! hold on! Three to three is fair play. Thay, you take one, I'll use up another and let the other two take it out fair and above-board!"

And suiting the action to the word, the two new comers pitched into two of the opponents of Marcus in the most scientific manner, much to the delight of the other members of the club, who were perfectly willing to see a "mill" if conducted quietly enough not to attract the notice of the "outside world." They had no fear of the police—they are too sensible to disturb gentlemen who choose to amuse themselves either in fighting or gambling.

Marcus was so startled when he heard the voice of Frank, that he was thrown completely off his guard and did not come to it until a stunning blow from his opponent knocked him nearly off his feet. This both maddened and sobered him, and he "went in to win." In a very few moments he had knocked his opponent "out of time," and turned to see how his new friends had got along. They had soon "settled the hash" of their opponents, for they were both skilfull and sober, and only had to knock the others down as fast as they got up until they chose to acknowledge being whipped."

"I'm very much obliged to you, gentlemen," said Marcus, eyeing his new friends very closely, being now quite sobered himself. "You will do me a great favor if you'll go to Maillard's with me and take a game supper!"

"With pleasure!" said Frank, picking up the cane which he had thrown down when he entered to the rescue.

And without giving time for any questions to be asked or compliments made, Marcus and the two young men left the club rooms.

As soon as they were in the street, Marcus said:

"I think Thais that you and Fannie had better take lessons at home after this." If you had been discovered by my club they would have run me to death about it!"

"Well, you give up the club and take your lessons at home, and we will too, won't we Fannie?" said Thais, for she was the lesser of the young men.

"I will do anything to please you brother that I can in honor!" said Fannie. "I know this was a bold and unwomanly step, but it has had two good results!"

"And what are they?" asked Marcus with a smile, as he beckoned a coach to take them home.

"First, it has taught me a lesson which I shall not forget. A woman may not unsex herself by dressing like men and going into rough places, without peril to life as well as character. Secondly, we have had the pleasure of saving Mr. Marcus Buttonwood from a very severe beating!"

"For which Mr. Marcus Buttonwood sincerely thanks you and at the same time congratulates himself upon so having taught you the art of self-defence, that uninjured yourselves, you were able to punish the cowards who were attacking me at such odds. And furthermore, my gallant heroine, if you will promise to take care of me through life, from this time forward, I will give up my club and cards, and take my exercise at home!"

"Take him at his word, Fannie—take him at his word! Father and mother will be overjoyed if he can be reformed and you only can do it darling!"

"Will you try me, dear Fannie?" asked Marcus, as the coach, which he had called, drove up.

"I will, Marcus, I will!" she softly whispered, as he took her hand to help her into the coach.

THE TRACK OF BLOOD;

OR,

CRIME IN THE CITY AND WAR IN THE LAND

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK LIFE,

Among the High and the Low, the Rich and the Poor, the Good and the Bad.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY HECTOR TRIPOD, U. S. A

CHAPTER XXI.

A HAPPY EVENT CASTING ITS SHADOWS BEFORE—THE MIDNIGHT INCENDIARIES—A SHELTER FOR THE WOMEN—PLOTTING BY TWO TRAITORS—A MOVE TO DISTANT PARTS—RESOLVES TO BE USEFUL IF NECESSARY—WORTHY DISCIPLES OF A WORTHY CAUSE.

The marriage of Edward Bleackley and Celestine Draper had been expedited a few weeks, for a very cogent reason. Edward, though a lover, was yet a patriot, and determined that his country should not lack a second by his idling at home. He had mentioned his wish in this regard to his parents, to his intended bride also, and had met with encouragement. Though far in the decline of their lives, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Bleackley dissuaded their only son from joining the bands of young men who were rushing into the field of battle; neither did Celestine implore him not to venture forth. She, like her lover's parents, knew what claims the Republic had upon its sons at such a time, and was ready to meet it, though it took from her, perhaps forever, the object of her deepest affections.

It might have been thought a strange coincidence that, at about the same time that young Bleackley came to the resolve of fighting for the Union, the junior Darcie arrived at a similar conclusion, and having gained the entire consent of his parents to the marriage with the pretty daughter of John Davis, determined to anticipate the "happy event" by a week or so. To add interest to these parallels, Phelim O'Duff, young Darcie's man of all work, had expressed himself anxious to enlist in the regiment joined by Charles. He was allowed to do so; but ere he formally put in his name to the proper officer, he had resolved to transact a little matrimonial business with Elsie, the good-looking "help" in the family of the Davises. Elsie was very patriotic, and said she would accompany Phelim to the war, if he would let her; but Phelim's response was—"Whist, darling; that would never do!" and a kiss.

As we have already informed the reader, Celestine Draper had gone on a visit to her old schoolmate, Miss Hoyt, who was to be her chief bridesmaid on the occasion of her marriage with Edward Bleackley. The plan concocted between Henry Benson and Stephen Giles, for the abduction of Miss Draper, has also been explained.

It was night. In the quiet neighborhood of Westchester, all was peace. The inhabitants had long since retired to their beds, and save in a few instances, where an invalid had to be looked to, not a light streamed through the window of a house. The weather was very tranquil, but the absence of a moon was the means of making the atmosphere very dark.

It lacked but ten minutes to the midnight hour, when the two arch conspirators, Henry Benson and Stephen Giles, came forth, provided with the means for setting fire to the house in which Miss Draper was then slumbering, and most likely enjoying dreams of future felicity. Convinced within themselves that some others were abroad, they yet cautiously peered to the right and left, and occasionally paused, as though to listen for a footfall. The nearness of the two houses (that of young Benson and that of old Mrs. Hoyt) did not allow of the waste of much time in the passage from one to another. Arrived at their destination, it was a look by the conniving villains, more concentrated than any previous look had been; the silent placing of some furze about the most frail part of the premises; the production of a dark lantern; the igniting of the furze; then a ruddy blaze; presently a large flame, and cries of alarm from within the dwelling.

Westchester boasts of its Fire Department, but it is an organization vastly different from that of New York; yet even in New York, that house of the Hoyts would have been burnt to the ground long before the fleetest of engines could have reached it. Standing in Westchester, it had been reduced to a mass of blackened embers, ere an engine or a fireman was seen. Benson and Giles were outside, however, and continued to give such encouragement to the screaming females at the windows, as to induce them to rush to the door. Flinging that wide open, Mrs. Hoyt, her daughter, Miss Draper, and the female "helps" found themselves safe and unhurt. Joy for their deliverance prevented their immediate realization of the condition in which they had been found.

They fell into the snare that had been laid for them, and entered the dwelling of Benson, as though it had been the safest of all asylums. Such habits as Old Carry and the girl Jane could spare from their trunks were divided among the rescued females, to whom, also, sleeping apartments were appropriated. Next morning, Benson, who was careful in keeping the boisterous and vulgar Giles out of sight for a while, played the part of host with consummate skill. His visitors seemed to place every reliance in him. His chief communication was with Celestine and Miss Hoyt, each of whom had her particular request to urge—the first, that her family in New York should be immediately apprised of what had happened; the second, that a gentleman in Wall street (a banker), and a lady (a milliner) should be summoned as soon as possible to Westchester.

Henry Benson said he would look to these matters in person. But did he keep his promise? We shall see.

For the present, it will be sufficient for us to inform the reader, that in the course of that evening, Benson and his subordinate were seated in the drawing-room of the former's house, with wine and segars before them, and that, at the sailor's desire, old Carry and Jane respectively presented themselves. Benson was brief in explaining the why and wherefore of this.

"I have some visitors here, as you know, (he commenced,) whom, if you are questioned by any of the neighbors to-morrow, you must say have gone to New York, to recover from the shock of the fire at Mrs. Hoyt's house. They will, in reality, remain here, close prisoners of mine, for a short time—to be afterwards disposed of as I think fit. Anyhow, their friends will soon get scent of their whereabouts; when they do, it will not be safe for us to be near one another."

Of Course, as old Carry and Jane were situated, they could only bow acquiescence to these demands. But their employer had not done with them yet. Recalling each as she was about to depart, he produced a revolver from his side pocket, and pointing to it significantly, remarked:

"You see this weapon. It has six barrels, and in each barrel there is one ball, quite enough to kill you. Now, mark me; if you keep my confidence you will be safe; if you betray me, all these balls, if necessary, shall be lodged in your brain or heart!"

"And here is a barking iron of mine," observed Giles, following the example of his chief; "which, if his aim mi dossed, would his work for him."

So did the burly ruffian address both Carry and Jane; adding, to the latter:

"But let it be a kiss, gal, instead. I hope it will be, for I have set my heart on having you."

Left to themselves, the conversation of the two desperadoes was continued. Benson was liberal in making known his plans to Giles. They embraced a speedy departure for the seat of war, the ruin of Celestine Draper, whom Henry could locate at some place, after he had worked his will on her; and the joining of the rebel hosts. There would be some excitement there, and the chances of promotion and fortune as well. As matters stood, the greater distance that could be counted between himself and New York, the better it would be.

"What think you of the plan, Steve?" queried Henry; "and what say you to coming along with me?"

"Bully, boss! bully!" was the characteristic rejoinder of Giles.

"I always was for Jeff Davis, and I should like to fight under his banners. If I do, won't I make it slashing work with the enemy! And then the handsome gal below—she shall be my sultana. Your hand on that, bully boss!"

CHAPTER XXII.

A GENERAL GATHERING OF OUR CHARACTERS, AND WHAT CAME OF IT—THE MISCREANT, GILES—HIS CHIEF—TRAGIC ENDS—THE HAPPY RECOGNITION—A TREBLE MARRIAGE, AND HO! FOR THE WAR.

It seemed as though the Spirit of Evil was hard at work in the circle of which we are the recorder. There was Henry Benson plotting mischief against the beautiful Celestine and her connections; old Carry abiding her time to denounce John Benson; and that individual, with his trusty man, holding council as to the best means of taking the lives of the "infernal beldame," as he called her, and his nephew as well.

It was the second day following the burning of Mrs. Hoyt's house. Late in the evening, Miss Draper was to be removed, under the escort of the younger Benson, not to her friends in New York, as she supposed, but to a part of the country where she had never been before. A carefully prepared drug was to be one of the agents of this shameful abduction, and Giles, who had been prevailed upon to defer the realization of his views with regard to poor Jane, was to be the trusted companion of her travel.

On that night, too, the elder Benson, under the cover of darkness, and aided by a few of his gang, was to surprise the sailor in his home, and if he could not extort what he called "compensation" from him, to take his life.

But there was a Spirit of Good, as well as a Spirit of Evil, at work—the former personified by the outcast Jane. It was she who, fully aware of the peril hanging over the head of Celestine Draper, contrived to slip off to New York for a few hours on the day whose night was to usher in such dark proceedings—she, by whose information Edward Bleackley, Charles Darcey, the honest Phelim, and the detective McQuaff started in a body for Westchester, bent on the rescue of innocence and the punishment of guilt.

Skipping over an interval of some hours, let us present a view of Henry Benson's house, just as a scene is often presented at a theatre.

First to him. He is seated in his handsome drawing-room with his lieutenant, Giles. His uncle, [illegible] before the young man. He (the elder Benson) is also seated, and has been urging his suit to his nephew, but without the least use. He is very pale, and now that he has returned to silence, he fumbles with his right hand in his breast. He has a concealed weapon there—a dagger. He knows that, and he could almost laugh outright; he also knows that on the outside of that room door, he has three strong accomplices, whom, with the utterance of a single word, he could bring to his side. He could laugh at that too.

In the upper rooms of that house, there are five females—Mrs. Hoyt and her daughter together, their two "helps" the same, and Celestine Draper alone. There is an expression of alarm on all their faces, for they have made the discovery that they are prisoners; with the doors locked on them, and the intimation conveyed to them, by Giles, that any sound they raise, any movement they make will be at their deadly peril, and is beside uncalled for, as "no harm is intended for them."

Lower down, beneath the apartment in which Henry Benson is sitting, is old Carry. She has been pondering all day as to the best means of bringing John Benson to the gallows; and dropping into a large rocking chair, she is now dreaming of the grim subject.

Outside the house, about a hundred yards from it, and approaching it silently, though in haste, are five persons—four men and one woman.

All these details are very easily given, but it is not so easy to describe the action which soon follows, inside the house—how the elder Benson, after rising, as though to depart, speaks a word, at which three men spring into the room, and leveling their pistols at Henry and Giles, fire, without doing any damage to them, however; how the latter stand on the defensive; and how old Carry, suddenly awakened from her doze, hurries to the scene of action; and how, on the mutual recognition of her and the elder Benson, the two close in a struggle that seems for life or death. Meanwhile, the confederates of the elder Benson, knowing from the breaking open of doors and the crash of glass below, that other persons are coming, and ignorant of their power or numbers, make a rush for the roof, whence, by some means never positively accounted for, they effect their escape.

Then the five persons described as nearing the house, enter the room. These persons are Edward Bleackley, Charles Darcie, Phelim O'Duff, the detective, McQuaff, and Jane. Old Carry utters a cry of exultation when she sees what aid has arrived.

"Seize him, I say! Seize him!" she ejaculates, indicating the elder Benson. "He is the murderer of Alice Bleackley, or Schyle, or Waner, as she called herself when she put up at the hotel down town, twenty-five years ago! I can swear to him. Therefore, seize him, and drag him to the gallows!"

The detective and Edward Bleackley were prompt in their attempted arrest of John Benson, but he was too quick for them. Brandishing a long, keen knife which he had taken from his bosom, he buried it deep in the heart of old Carry, who fell from his relaxed grasp with a sharp scream. He then stabbed himself, and rolled upon the ground, a hideous corpse.

All these matters had been so sudden and so unexpected, that little or no notice had been taken of Henry Benson or Stephen Giles, by the new comers; at the same time, the action recorded had paralyzed the two confederate villains up to a particular time—what time, the reader will perceive anon.

Old Carry was not quite killed; a few moments' life were yet left for her, and those she used as best she could.

"Dead?" she exclaimed, gazing on the face of John Benson. "So is your Alice avenged. But it would have been a deeper punishment for you to have lived until I could have told you that your daughter stood before you!"

"His daughter? Whom do you mean?" exclaimed Edward Bleackley.

"Her," replied Carry, faintly; indicating Jane.

"Our friend, our preserver!" ejaculated Edward.

"Own her, embrace her, she is your cousin," said Carry, "and let me die. Death! it is coming. The rest is peace."

"Rather say my sister," exclaimed young Bleackley, in reference to the relationship that had been indicated by the woman now dead; and he was approaching poor Jane for the purpose of enfolding her in his arms, when the sharp report of a pistol struck upon his sense, and he saw Jane put her hand to her side, and stagger. He hastened to her help; at the same moment, Detective McQuaff, who had been attending to Carry, looking up, perceived that Henry Benson was taking to his heels, with the view of effecting his escape. In a moment, the policeman was on the alert, and, with pistol in hand, gave chase to the miscreant. Giles would have followed the example of his chief, had not Phelim O'Duff taken him by the throat, and held him with a vice-like grip.

"So, we have met again, old black mug, as I thought we should, when I first saw you outside the play house. Be easy, if you don't want me to kill you on the spot, but preserve you for the gallows, which is too good for you."

But Giles did not think his time had come yet, and determined to have a struggle for his life. To this end, he fought, he kicked, and he groaned. The pistol which he had discharged at the girl Jane, Phelim had snatched from him, and, pinning him to the wall with one hand, seemed ready to smash out his brains with the butt end of the weapon in the other, when the symptoms of strangulation exhibited by Giles, suggested the saving of the gunpowder and the ball.

"Say 'I surrender,'" exclaimed Phelim, "and I'll hold you with a gentler fist until the return of my illegant friend, the detective, and transfer you to him for safe keeping.

To this counsel Giles vouchsafed no notice further than a strong struggle to free himself from the grip of his captor, who, thereupon, fixed his fingers more firmly on the villain's throat, observing at the same time:—

"If that is your game, I will play it with you; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul, for I can't have any on your body. There!"

The villain's face turned almost black, and his eyes and his tongue protruded frightfully. He was dead, and with a dull sound, his body fell to the ground.

And poor Jane—she was dead, too, and yet in the arms of Edward Bleackley, who had called her sister, pressed her fondly to his breast, and kissed her, while the big tears of sorrow rolled down his cheeks. That was a happy moment for Jane, the happiest she had ever known—the happiest she ever could know in this life. She murmured her thanks for it, also her blessings on Edward, and with an angel smile on her face, exhaled her last faint breath.

"Gone!" exclaimed Edward: "so young, so fair, so good!"

We have little to add. Detective McQuaff did not succeed in capturing Henry Benson, who, it is supposed, realized his plan of joining the forces of the rebels. The dead were disposed of in various ways—John Benson and Stephen Giles being buried by the city authorities, an obscure grave in consecrated ground being provided for old Carry by the Bleackleys, who gave to their new found relative a resting-place in their lot in Greenwood. As a matter of course, Celestine Draper, and the Hoyts, and their "helps," were speedily restored to liberty, and in a week or so a triple marriage was solemnized—the principal parties being Edward Bleackley, and his beautiful lady love; Charles

Darcie and Miss Davis; and Phelim O'Duff and the amiable Elsie.

Another week, and the three Benedicts were on their way to the seat of war. They have already sent home a good account of themselves. May they continue to do so.

THE END.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1863.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JACK AND JIM.—1. Certainly. Scene plots must be made out by the manager or prompter of the association and placed into the hands of a scene shifter, who will attend to their proper arrangement. 2. Such light pieces as "Box and Cox," "Bachelor's Bedroom," "Taming a Tiger," "Sent to the Tower," "Fast Train," "No One Round the Corner" and "Unwarrantable Intrusion," are adapted to your purpose. 3. There are no other halls at present. Military Hall in the Bowery contains many good meeting rooms. Don't know the rent.

OLD SPORT, New York.—1. Going to a Sunday paper for reliable sporting news, appears to us about as reasonable as going to a butcher's shop for bread or boots; an "Old Sport" ought to have known better, and your loss of "soap" serves you right. These same Sunday papers will, when it serves their purpose, pitch in to all kinds of sports, from billiards to backgammon, and call down the vengeance of the law on the devoted heads of the sportsmen themselves. "Anything for a sensation" is their motto, hence the reason of the "bogus report" you complain of.

DRAW BLUFF, Baltimore.—"A, B, C, D, are playing 'Draw Bluff.' A bets twenty chips, B calls him, when A shows two kings and two deuces; B asks him whether he has anything else, and A replies in the negative; B then shows three eights and takes the stakes, but A produces his fifth card, which is a king, thus making a full hand. The question is, can A, after having called his hand falsely, claim the stakes?".....No, A cannot claim the stakes, and B "rakes the pile."

C. A., New York.—The following are the dimensions and capacity of the New York Academy of Music:—Area of stage 4570 feet; depth 57½ feet; width 83 feet; proscenium 49 feet wide; parquet 93 feet wide and 108 deep. Total area of ground, 24293 feet, 204 feet on 14th street, and 122 on Irving Place. The parquet seats 550, parquet circle 515, second tier 435, amphitheatre 1000, private boxes 50. Total, 2550.

READER, Newark.—Both sides have had a hearing, and we cannot spare the room for a controversy which the publication of your second epistle would lead to. Besides, the managers replied over their own names, and as yet we are in the dark concerning your name.

H. P., Boston.—Well, we expected as much; they *promise* a great deal, and perform very little. Like yourself, there are several others awaiting remittances from that quarter.

E. R. K., Lancaster, N. H.—One mile, at the rate of one minute 40½ seconds, and two miles in three minutes 25 seconds is the best recorded time for a running horse.

AMY M. F., Memphis.—Sad news indeed. We thank you, however, for putting us in the way of being of some benefit, and hope the poor girl's father will see the paragraph as desired.

N. B. W. C. Wemyss, 575 Broadway, can supply you with photographs of the player[illegible]. See his advertisement in our theatrical advertising department.

EPIUS, Philadelphia.—We believe there was a memoir published in one of the papers at the time of his death, but we have seen nothing in book form. We also gave a short sketch.

W. R., Camp at Falmouth.—1. Tom Hyer fought but two prize fights, and they were with Country McCleester and Yankee Sullivan; he won both. 2. Hyer never fought Morrissey.

G. V. C., New York.—"A, B, C, and D are playing bluff. A deals the cards—B passes—has C the privilege of going or making a blind?".....No.

OTHELLO.—The best thing you can do is to join a dramatic association. We know of none better than the Burton Club. Inquire for particulars at Military Hall in the Bowery.

BOB C., New York.—1. The best jump recorded, is 31 feet, 7½ inches, over nine horses, by Tom King, at San Francisco. 2. Your other queries are "not in our line."

P. M. F., New York.—P. J. C., could not "renig" the ace of hearts from the Jack or five of trumps if they were lead, supposing he had no other trump.

T. W. W., Springfield, Ill.—The Unknown is to make his name known on March 27.

Q. B., Cambridge, Mass.—The lady is the original Marietta Ravel, so we are credibly informed.

A. S., Boston.—We have been unable to get the necessary information to answer your queries.

W. C. W., New York.—Have not seen anything of the missing letter.

A. H. A., 6th Army Corps, Va.—The hand counts twenty-four, twelve by fifteens, and twelve by double pair royal.

J. R. M., Alexandria, Va.—Yes, send letter, and we will advertise it.

DERRINGER, Nashville.—Some of your items were anticipated. Have placed you on our list.

B. GRIFFITHS, Pottsville, Pa.—Send us your address, and we will forward you a letter at once.

W. B. F., Buffalo.—He loses the deal; he had no right to turn the card.

PROFESSIONAL, St. Louis.—We can only refer you to our theatrical summary.

IRON CLAD, Newark, N. J.—Aby Belasco is dead. He died sometime in the spring of 1859.

BURLING SLIP.—There is no such institution in this city that we know or can learn of.

W. H. S., Baltimore.—Not at present. The lady's name will soon appear in our theatrical summary, doubtless.

SHERRY CORBYN, San Francisco.—Thank you. "All's well that ends well."

J. J. B.—There is no rule governing the question. We think it out of order, however.

PHIL CLARE, Brooklyn.—Thanks for *carte de visite*. It is a *striking* likeness.

ELM CITY.—The Union race track is a full mile of 1760 yards.

MONTGOMERY, Bloomfield.—We know nothing about him.

STAMWOOD, Cincinnati.—The same to you.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.—We have nothing fresh to communicate touching the sculling championship, although "Harlem's" recent communication in the CLIPPER appears to have created some stir among Hamill's friends in Pittsburgh. It is not probable that the summer will pass away without a first class match of some sort; but whether with Ward and Hamill, or Hamill and a fresh customer, it is not in our power to say. There is a disposition manifest to see Hamill in another trial, under circumstances equally advantageous to both men. It is said that Hamill had been in training for months previous to making the match to row Ward, last summer; whilst Ward, on the other hand, had undergone no regular training. "Condition will tell," and it was Hamill's splendid fix that assisted him so materially in carrying off the honors in the races on the Schuylkill. There's where Hamill showed caution. Ward, we opine, held his opponent too cheaply, and didn't think it necessary to do any extra work to perfect his physical condition. Hamill, on the other hand, knowing he would have a good man to pull against, felt it actually necessary to train in a thorough and systematic manner; so he went to work in earnest, and won in beautiful style when he met Ward on the Schuylkill. His condition enabled him to win with apparent ease, and Ward learned a lesson that day which it is to be hoped will prove useful to him hereafter. Hamill can only get the match he evidently seeks with the Britishers, by pulling on the Thames. It is not at all likely that any of the London scullers will come over here. There will doubtless be some big regattas the coming season, and some new man may turn up during their progress.

"THE SITUATION."—Just now, "the situation" appears to be in Virginia mud. Occasionally, we hear of a "sortie," and the "falling back" of the expedition, but "not without having accomplished the object of their mission." One day, our army is "preparing for a move;" the next, we hear that the report is "premature," the mud—or authorities at Washington—preventing an onward march. Again, we have the cheering intelligence that we have captured twenty-six of the enemy's steamers on the Yazoo river; we are allowed to enjoy this sweet morsel for several days, and then comes the truth in the shape of a denial of such capture. Notwithstanding the "invulnerability" of our monitors, gunboats, and iron-clads, every week brings in the sickening details of the capture or destruction of some one of our vessels, and damage done to others. There is no end to false reports. Some of the papers must employ men to originate "important and stirring news," while many of them keep a *corps* of reporters on hand to contradict these same yarns almost as fast as they are manufactured. And such is the situation, east and west, and a most pitiable one it is, too. Experimenting with new-made Generals is very costly, both in lives and treasure, and the people are becoming heartily sick of the manner in which our affairs are mismanaged.

M'CLELLAN AND HIS ASSAILANTS.

THE REWARD.

The persecutors of Gen. Geo. B. McClellan keep up their assaults on "Little Mac," and with increased bitterness and malignity. The "unseen hand" is beginning to show itself, and to grasp at the fruits of the warfare upon McClellan. The clique who head this dirty gang of assailants have already received a portion of their reward, in the shape of a monopoly which gives them the exclusive control of carrying newspapers from Acquia to our army at Falmouth, thereby compelling the poor soldier, who receives but thirteen dollars per month for his services, to pay double prices for news "from the loved ones at home." This was not the case when McClellan was in command; then, the interests of the private were looked after by the general in command, and no monopolists were allowed to rob them of their little pittance. But McClellan is not there to protect those war-scarred veterans of the Potomac, and his successor, by permitting the monopolists to carry out their pillaging schemes, makes the fact evident that he cares little or nothing for the welfare of the privates. The same clique are endeavoring to secure a sutlership monopoly—to make all sutlers subservient to them, and to compel them to procure their stores from the monopolists. Should this robbing scheme succeed, the soldier will have to pay even more than he pays at present for articles purchased from sutlers. Three generals—in favor with General Hooker—are said to be interested in this newspaper and sutler monopoly, dividing the profits with the clique from New York who do the dirty work. Let the soldiers protest against the monopoly swindle, and let Gen. Hooker purge himself of all connection with the business, by removing the officers complained of. No wonder the war is protracted—no wonder the army under "Fighting Joe Hooker" remains inactive—when our generals are associated with gamblers and tricksters in robbing the poor soldier of his earnings.

What has been accomplished since the removal of Gen. McClellan, after he had driven the rebels out of Maryland? Nothing but a terrible slaughter of our men at Fredericksburg—a slaughter which has not been equalled since this war commenced. A slaughter, to enable the administration to try the new commander they selected to take the place of McClellan. In that terrible "advance towards Richmond," our brave men obeyed orders, and boldly marched into the trap prepared for them. There was no McClellan there to protect them, or to save them from the fatal trap into which they were ordered by the commander who supplanted Little Mac. That was experiment No. 1. Then Burnside was removed—according to a programme previously laid out—and "Fighting Joe Hooker" took his place. And what has "Fighting Joe Hooker" done? Nothing but stick in the mud. When McClellan was prevented by the elements from advancing on Richmond, there was an outcry from the Radicals against his tardiness; he was denounced as slow, and unfit for the position he occupied. But now we find the choice of these radicals stuck in the mud at Falmouth, and they have nothing to urge against *his* tardiness, or unwillingness to advance. Our soldiers have not been sufficiently plucked yet by the monopolists and the generals near the throne. "Fighting Joe Hooker," so far, is a failure as a leader of a great army. Some of his subordinates know more about stealing from our own soldiers, than stealing upon the enemy, and we are indebted to such men, to contractors, and monopolists, for this unnecessary prolongation of the war, and the slaughter of our brave soldiers.

RACING AND TROTTING.—We hear that some little preparation is being made for the racing and trotting season of 1863, and it is thought that some very fast trotting matches will be announced for an early day. There is a great deal of competition among owners of fast trotting stock, this one claiming that his animal can show as low down in the twenties as the best on the turf; while another boasts that if *pushed*, he can even show a fraction *under* twenty. To decide such nice points, matches are made, money posted, and a good day and good track anxiously waited for. In this vicinity, there is no question that we have a score or two of "flyers," animals capable of showing extraordinary speed when put fairly and squarely to the test. Flora Temple still heads the list of fast timers, there being none, as yet, sufficiently fast to equal her two minutes, nineteen and three-quarters of a second, to the mile, which is the fastest time on record. Whether this can be surpassed, depends on other fleet ones. Should it be beaten, no doubt Flora will do a little better, for she can always be depended on for a trifle more speed when the occasion imperatively demands it. The Union track will have to be fixed up new this season, for the soldiers encamped there made sad havoc with everything in the shape of wood; the fence, etc., being used for fire wood. It will cost quite a smart sum of money to put the course in proper trim again.

We do not anticipate much in the way of racing. The party who got up the July meeting on Long Island last summer, has not yet recovered from the injurious effects of that *fiasco*, although he may endeavor to retrieve himself the coming season; but we cannot expect much from *him*; he has evidently had his day, and is now behind the age. With some men of reputation at the head of our running meetings, there might be a good chance of success; but as it is, the chances are against it. Confidence has been destroyed, and the public are slow to trust to promises a *second* time. We shall soon see, however, what the season may have in store for us, and learn who are to manage our races for the present year.

BRADY'S GYMNASIUM.—The soiree *en masque* complimentary to Mr. Abner S. Brady, given at his Gymnasium in St. Mark's place on Thursday evening March 19th, proved to be all that its originators designed it to be—a lively, gay, and festive assemblage, and an enjoyable, social re-union of the friends of the worthy proprietor. The rooms were well filled, and the dresses of the majority were very attractive—the majority of the costumes being more than usually great. Among those present we observed the handsome Barney Williams and his talented lady, quietly seated as "lookers-on in Vienna," and among the most noticeable of those *en masque*, we observed the beautiful Mrs. B——y, attired in the gayest costume in the crowd. One pretty girl assumed the character of a heroine in a novel named Rubie, and there were several beautiful peasant girls and Spanish ladies, and one charming Quakeress. In fact—it would be difficult to enumerate all of those whose beauty of person and attractive costume merit notice. Among the gents, the Irishman, by O'Neil, was the best taken of the characters. There was also a well made up Chinese, and a good Contraband. The band of the 7th Regt. was decidedly a feature of the entertainment, and the up stairs cold collation "wasn't bad to take"—at least so the hungry crowd thought that thronged the supper-room. The whole affair was a creditable success to all concerned.

SKATING.—This winter sport has not been much indulged in this season, for the best of reasons, that for the greater part of the time there has not been a sufficient thickness of ice. For the past week, however, "water in the lump" has been plenty, and many there are, from the "saucy little boy," to the belle of Fifth avenue, who have performed "perpendicularly, slantendicularly, horizontally, angularly, and circularly" thereon; some to their chagrin and discomfiture, and others to their great amusement and heart's content. The secret of this welcome cold snap is, we are officially informed, that Jack Frost went to Washington and applied to Uncle Abe for a contract to clear away the mud from Virginia; but Uncle didn't admire the plan proposed, and told Jack to "dry up;" so the old gentleman got huffy, returned to New York, and out of spite, done his drying up where he "hadn't orter." "And that's what's the matter."

WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.—The first fancy and citizens's dress ball of this organization, will be given at Sansom Street Hall, Philadelphia, on Friday evening, March 27th. We respectfully acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend.

A PLEASURE YACHT, formerly known as "La Creolla," of Philadelphia, was captured on the 27th ult., near the mouth of the Suance river, Florida, while attempting to run the blockade.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

JOE COBURN IN TRAINING AT McCOMB'S DAM.—MIKE McCOOLE UP FOR A BENEFIT.

This (Monday) evening another deposit of $100 a side has to be made good at Bob Smith's, the House of Commons, Houston street. There promises to be even a greater gathering than at the $230 staking on the 15th. In reference to that interesting ceremony, "Tom Quick" of the *Leader*, has the following:

"The company at Wilson's, among whom were Johnny Roche, Harry Hill, Peter Gallagher, Grant, Saxe, McCoy, Lazarus, and our noble selves, with the rest of the outsiders, were invited to a retiring room to witness the signing of the articles and the putting up of greenbacks to make each man good for two hundred and fifty a side. As far as matters had gone, a little matter on the part of Mr. Johnny Roche, who made opposition to the reading of the articles as called for by the Alderman and Mr. Lazarus, being the usual practice, did not please us and wants explanation. The articles, after being signed by Mr. Coburn, were twisted and twirled into Ned James's pocket without any respect to anybody. Now we don't knew why this was, and we are not going to be satisfied, that its a square thing until we can read these 'articles,' so that we can tell the public everything is O. K. If anybody's name is in these papers, who don't want the fact known, why say so; we won't blab for the world; but we don't like the hocus pocus operations of Mr. Roche. We were there as a seeker after knowledge under difficulties, and won't go down tail without resistance."

Now that everything is lovely for a grand passage-at-arms, at the request of numerous applicants, and to show that all is on the square, we reproduce a copy of the aforesaid "articles," the original of which are in our possession. The articles referred to above were not the originals, but a copy furnished to Mr. Hill by and with the consent of both parties. If they contain any flaw that either party is desirous of taking any advantage of, the public will have a chance to see for themselves, but we believe they would scorn such a contemptible subterfuge. Read them over again:

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into this second day of February, 1863, between —— McCoole and Joseph Coburn. The said McCoole agrees to fight the said Joseph Coburn, a fair stand-up fight, according to the rules of the British P. B. A., by which the said Joseph Coburn and —— McCoole hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said fight shall be for the sum of One Thousand Dollars a side, and shall take place on the first Tuesday in May, the 5th of said month, 1863. In pursuance of the agreement, Twenty Dollars a side are now deposited in the hands of ——, who shall be stakeholder, who shall also be final stakeholder. The second deposit of Two Hundred and Thirty Dollars a side shall be made at Ed. Wilson's, Weehawken, on Sunday, the 15th day of March. The third deposit of One Hundred Dollars to be made at Robert Smith's, 25 West Houston street, on Monday, the 23d day of March. The fourth deposit of One Hundred Dollars to be made at Izzy Lazarus's, 223 Centre street, on Monday, the 30th day of March. The fifth deposit of One Hundred Dollars, to be made at Pete Gallagher's, St. Nicholas Bowling Saloon, 535 Broadway, on Monday, the 6th day of April. The sixth deposit of One Hundred Dollars to be made at Tom McCoy's, the White House, Grand street, on Monday, the 13th day of April. The seventh deposit of One Hundred Dollars to be made at William Clarke's, corner of Houston and Crosby streets, on Monday, the 20th day of April. The final and last deposit of One Hundred and Fifty Dollars to be made at Harry Hill's, No. 26 East Houston street, on Monday, the 27th day of April, when the backers of the respective men will meet to agree on the place of fighting. All deposits shall be transmitted to the final stakeholder. The said deposits shall be made between the hours of 8 o'clock, A. M., and 10 o'clock, P. M., or such other hours as may be agreed upon, or the party failing shall forfeit the money deposited. The men shall be in the ring between the hours of 12 o'clock, M., and 2 o'clock, P. M., or the man absent shall forfeit the battle money. That in the event of magisterial interference, the umpires and referee shall decide the next time and place of meeting, if possible on the same day, or the duty may be assigned to the stakeholder. The expenses of the ropes and stakes shall be borne mutually, share and share alike, or by the winner, as may be agreed upon. The stakes not to be given up, unless by mutual consent, till fairly won or lost by a fight.

In pursuance of the above agreement, we hereunto attach our names. JOSEPH COBURN.

On the part of McCoole, HARRY HILL.

Witnesses, PETE GALLAGHER, ED. JAMES.

The seventh deposit is to be made at the house of Mr. Robert Foster, the National Hotel, between 35th and 36th streets and Third Avenue, in place of Bill Clarke's—otherwise the document remains the same.

Joe Coburn commenced his exercises last Monday, and has for his mentor Hen Winkle, a most excellent man for the business. They are domiciled at Mark Maguire's, the Cayuga House McComb's Dam, where Roche and Mike Norton put up when they were preparing for the fights which didn't come off. For the last fortnight or so, the aid of the veteran Tom Chaffers is to be called in to put on the finishing touch to Master Joseph, so that nothing will be left undone to have him in the finest possible condition. Joe takes to his work very readily, and already begins to look quite blooming.

We did not go to see Mike McCoole at the Getty House, Yonkers, like our "amiable neighbors" of the Sunday Blow-Hard, simply because Mr. McCoole has never been there at all! McCoole was in the city on Thursday evening, and attended Mr. Sam Davis's benefit at the Winter Garden; he stayed also on Friday, but went away again Saturday. He, too, is working hard to get himself in proper fix. As yet, no special trainer has been appointed, although several names were mentioned in this connection, and among them Dan Kerrigan. One thing is certain, Mr. McCoole will not train anywhere near this city, and we shouldn't wonder if he never sees Mr. Coburn till the day of the fight. After his benefit on Wednesday evening, referred to in another column, McCoole will go direct West, so all who wish to see him must not miss the only chance. Several "hasty" guesses have been made as to who the "professional boxer" will turn out to be that winds upon that evening, but none hit on the right one. We shall note the various opinions on the Western Champion on his first appearance in our city on the 25th.

The next deposit of $100 a side is due at Izzy Lazarus's, 223 Centre street, on Monday, the 30th.

P. S.—Since writing the above, we learn that Mr. McCoole will immediately leave for Cincinnati after his benefit, and go into strict training under the guidance of Mr. Saunders, of Cincinnati, and Dan Kerrigan, of this city.

THEATRICAL COSTUME.

AS IT WAS, AS IT IS.

Among the many things which will impress the mind of the person who has been a visitor to the theatres for a long term of years, we may count the difference in the costumes of the players, as shown in what they *were* and what they *are*.

There was a period which we can recollect, when, taking what is called elegant comedy for an example, it was evidently the idea of both actors and managers, that the dresses of the eighteenth century would do for the older characters, those of the nineteenth for the younger. Sir Peter Teazle and Sir Oliver Surface must show in broad-skirted coats, brocaded vests, and three-cornered hats; Mrs. Candor and Lady Sneerwell in hoops; but woe befall the actor who showed as Charles Surface otherwise than as a young gentleman of the prevailing mode; the same with the actress personating Maria, who did not don the usual dress of white muslin and broad ribbon. With the characters of middle age, a harmonizing rule was observed. Joseph Surface, many years older than his volatile brother, would appear in a questionable suit—half old fashioned and half new fashioned; and the same with Sir Benjamin Backbite and others.

This style of dressing the characters of elegant comedy was general throughout its entire representation. In what are called dress plays, (that is, plays of older date) it was the custom to array all the gentlemen in slashed suits, or tunics, embroidered or plain, in material, of velvet, silk, satin, cloth, or homely stuff. Tights, also, of different hues and fabrics, were universal to the *dramatis personæ*; ditto, short, round caps, befeathered or plain; and no man dared to come upon the stage in those pieces, without russet boots or shoes, or black or red (the latter preferred) sandals on his feet.

A regulation equally stern governed the ladies. Mrs. Sables might be an exceedingly clever woman, but she must not play Lady Constance or Belvidera otherwise than in a black velvet dress, ornamented with gilt spangles or bugles. Miss Bloomley, who was the Cora and Juliet of the concern, was also a gifted creature, but yet, if she did not show in the above parts in white habits with silver ornaments, the worse would it be for her. As old play-goers will recollect, there were two costumes which were eminently popular—a dark colored tunic with tarnished fixings, for the "virtuous father" and the "indignant uncle;" and a white muslin dress, fairly weighed down by silver spangles, for the heroine of tragedy, between the Constances and the Juliets.

So much for what theatrical costume *was*; a little about what it *is*:

In our days, there has been some approximation to regularity and order. If our Sir Peter Teazle shows in a sky blue or salmon colored suit, such as gentlemen wore in England, in the days of George the Second, so do Charles and Joseph Surface, Sir Benjamin Backbite, and the rest, appear in correct guise; and the hoop common in Mrs. Candor and Lady Sneerwell is also a fixture of the lively Maria's. Again: if it is the play where slashed suits and tunics were once the rule, we see a greater modification of the same; ditto as regards caps, boots, sandals, and tights.

There is a double advantage gained here. First, the costumes in a play are faithful to the supposed date; secondly, they harmonize with one another.

With respect to associating fixings of the stage, we can give a record equally gratifying. In scenery and upholstery we have made great advances; and these we feel pleased in welcoming, as the necessary aids of the scene:—that is, if we have good acting along with them. But if we have not, and good acting is only to be acquired by a return to the old incorrectness of dress and other details, why, let us accept that return, even if we have a first rate Belvidere or Lady Constance who declaims in black velvet and bugles or gilt spangles, and a Cora or Juliet, who visits the Temple of the Sun, or lovingly calls on Romeo, in a petticoat of light material and silver ornamentation. Let the acting be the chief aim; and then throw in the "properties" as much as you like.

THE BRITISH PRIZE RING CHAMPIONSHIP.—The Unknown, according to the latest news from England, still remains unheralded and unknown, but they are beating a down east Yankee out and out in guessing. After beating the bush all round, and not being satisfied as to the identity of the Unknown, they have now selected another American to impersonate the myth for a time, who is none other than Ned Price, the conqueror of Australian Kelly, and odds of three to one were offered in betting circles to that effect. Our foreign friends are "all abroad," evidently, and so anxious to bet that they get on at any price. Cease your admiration for awhile, until we a tale unfold, and as we undo the first "kink," listen! Price is not the man. "No more at present from yours," etc.

A MESS OF TRASH.—In speaking of McCoole's movements, the Sunday Blow-Hard has the greatest lot of trash that ever appeared in any paper. The dailies are bad enough, but this shyster sporting concern, for humbug and falsification, leads them all. Their reporter "made a flying visit to Yonkers on Saturday, and saw McCoole!" That's pretty good considering that McCoole hadn't even been there. According to this same "authority" (heaven save the mark!) McCool is 6 feet 4 inches, weighs 222 lbs. stripped, and puts up a 232 lb. dumb bell with perfect ease! Again, the Blow Hard has the exclusive intelligence that "Joe Winrow (now in California) is training McCoole at the Getty House, Yonkers!" All this the reporter saw with his own eyes—"he's been there!" If this can be equalled for the inventions of one weak in the upper story, we'd like to see it, that's all. This paper is going to be "duly notified of all McCoole's movements during his training, and is determined to give its readers the first account of the battle." They should have added "before it comes off" to make the yarn complete. This is a fair specimen of the dirty sheet trying to buck against the CLIPPER. How *are* you, Letter Box?

HAMILL AND WARD.

AMERICAN SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

A few weeks since, we published a communication signed "Harlem," the object being to show that in the races last summer, between Hamill and Ward, the advantages were all in favor of Hamill, etc. This week we have a reply, which we give, as below, entire:

EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* In your paper of the 14th inst. I see a communication signed "Harlem," which contains some ridiculous and unfounded statements, and in which he does great injustice to our Champion sculler, James Hamill. As a Pittsburgher, and a lover of fair play, I feel bound to reply to them. I do not wish to accuse "Harlem" of wilfully falsifying, but some of his arguments will need an explanation before they can be looked on as true. After expressing his surprise at New York for letting Hamill's challenge to all England to go by unnoticed, he asks "if she is going to deliver the Championship of the world to an interior town, and to a comparatively obscure man, hero and victor of scarcely half a dozen contests?" If Hamill is a comparatively "obscure man," how does "Harlem" know he is "the hero and victor of only half a dozen contests?" If, on the other hand, Hamill is not an "obscure man," then "Harlem" must intentionally want to deceive when he says so. As to Pittsburgh being an "interior town," when it is considered that Newburg, the home of your long-boasted Champion, is but a small village on the Hudson, only goes to show how ridiculous a statement he is capable of producing. For the information of "Harlem," and New Yorkers generally, I will here give the number of Hamill's races. He has been the hero of seven scull races, *and the victor of them all.* In all, he has rowed fifteen races, losing but three out of that number. If I had time, I could give reasons which would prove that he did not get beat in either of these three races on his merits, but principally in the inferiority of his boats, and accidents. For an "obscure man," this is a very favorable record, and I doubt if any man in the Empire State can equal it. As to Hamill's practicing nine months before the race with Ward, and it being premeditated on his part, I will not contradict, as I do not know. But, supposing it to be true, was Ward obliged to accept Hamill's challenge to row him on the day named? If so, then I will admit that Ward rowed under a disadvantage. But Ward *was not* compelled to do this; therefore, I say that Ward was in good condition. There is one thing certain about it—if Ward *was not* in good condition on that day, we will undoubtedly have another trial of skill between them; if he *was* in good condition, he never need think of rowing Hamill again, for he would not have the ghost of a chance of success. "Harlem" says that Ward was allowed no more than two weeks to practice in. If I am not mistaken, it was nearer four than two weeks. I ask "Harlem" if Ward did not practice for the Fourth of July Regatta on the Harlem, I believe, in which he beat Stevens, of Poughkeepsie," the "soapman," and another first-class oarsman, with the greatest ease? It seems to me he would require a little practice, and, no doubt, he had a little, to do this. Again, he says that he believed he was the only New Yorker at Philadelphia, that had as much money when he returned as when he started. He must have either cut his board bill or bet on Hamill. Which did he do? As to the Pittsburgh party knowing they had the New York party on the "hip" in regard to Ward's condition, and that was the reason they bet their money so freely, is all bosh. They knew nothing whatever of his condition; if they did, they knew it was good. So much for "Harlem's" communication. Will the Commodore bear him out, or any of his arguments?

Now, as I have never seen any remarks (outside the editorial columns of the CLIPPER) on Ward's races previous to his meetings at Philadelphia, I will take the liberty of giving my views, which will go to show why he maintained the Championship as long as he did. If any one disputes what I say, I will refer them to Stephen Roberts, of your city, for he believes as I do on this point—that Josh is not the best oarsman in your State. My reasons for believing as I do are as follows: Ward is a man of very regular and temperate habits as regards eating and drinking, and is not addicted to the evils and fascinations of the world, which sporting men generally are. On the other hand, his opponents were men of irregular habits, and given to all the evils of the world. It would take at least four months to get such men in as good condition as Ward could get himself in two weeks, and fifty or sixty dollars would not justify either of these men to practice that length of time. These advantages in his favor have always enabled him to prove the winner. "Harlem," or any other man, cannot point me to one single race in which Ward took the lead on the start; for his opponents invariably took the lead and held it until their bad condition would commence to tell, when they would have to resign their position to superior condition, not to superior skill. But at last he met a man equally temperate in his habits, and a man that has always taken the best of care of himself. Is it necessary to tell the result here? I think not.

I hope, however, "Harlem's" proposition will be taken up by New Yorkers, and that a race between these Knights of the Oar will be the result, as I am certain Hamill will not deny him an opportunity to retrieve his lost laurels; but, instead of their meeting coming off at Boston, I propose to have it come off at Philadelphia, on the Schuylkill, where both parties can be well represented, and where they could get on with all the money they wished to invest. At Boston this could not be the case, as Pittsburghers would consider the trip too distant. By all means let us have another race, for it is too mortifying for the great metropolis to have to play second to Pittsburgh any longer. Do you think, by having the race rowed over again, she could better her "posish?" Try it, anyhow. Come on, Macduff. It might be as it was at Philadelphia—New Yorkers would be the first to cry, hold! we have got too much. Yours, &c., SPORT.

Pittsburgh, March 20, 1863.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for Yankee Robinson, H. Tenney, James Gayner, (of Rumsey's Minstrels,) J. Edwin Irving, Mr. Meyer, (Basso) Madame Anna Bishop; M'lle. Frank O'Harra, and Miss Minnie Rivers, Carter Zouave Troupe.

CITY SUMMARY.

TO THE PROFESSION.

☞ The CLIPPER is the great organ of the dramatic and show profession, and our desire is and ever has been to make this department not only useful to the profession, but interesting to the general reader. Through the medium of our little sheet, therefore, the profession can learn the whereabouts and business of each other. Drop us a playbill, a newspaper, a line or two of the movements of yourselves and those associated with you, so that they may reach us by Saturday, or Monday, at the latest, and the items furnished will appear in that week's issue of the CLIPPER, which is forwarded to agents throughout the country early on Tuesday morning of each week. We charge nothing for recording the movements of our friends, neither do we ask or seek favors of any kind for so doing. We wish to continue the CLIPPER as a reliable organ for the benefit of the profession, and thereby extend the sphere of its usefulness.

MONDAY, March 23, '63.

Although not equal to what it has been this season, still business continues remarkably good; and this, too, in the middle of Lent, when many patrons of the drama will not visit a place of amusement under any consideration. "St. Patrick's day in the morning" brought immense crowds to all places in the evening; nearly every theatre, minstrel, and music hall being crowded to their greatest capacity—the east side houses, especially, which served up entertainments suited to the occasion, being jammed; and it is at those houses you are sure to find novelty in abundance; the managers never tire their patrons with one piece; they often produce two new dramas on the same evening, and before they have run their course, others are in readiness. The Bowery side is unlike Broadway in this respect. In the theatres on the latter thoroughfare, a really good spectacle or drama will run for weeks in succession; in fact, two or three pieces have been known to last a whole season. In the Bowery, no matter how meritorious the play, no matter how cleverly the performers may act their respective parts, a week, or two at the farthest, is about the extent of a run; so that the managers are kept constantly on the lookout for fresh attractions, while the performers work night and day, studying new parts, rehearsing, and performing. Managers and people have alike a difficult task before them, the former to originate, the latter to illustrate. On Broadway, too, the theatres are out between 10 and 11 o'clock, and the companies have a chance for an hour or two of social enjoyment with their friends. Not so on the east side. Seldom are the performances over in that section, before 12 o'clock; very often they extend to 1 o'clock, and occasionally still later. We have known instances where the curtain has not descended on the closing scene of an evening's performance *until 3 o'clock in the morning*. It will thus be seen that the east side actor has an immense amount of labor to perform, labor which would be likely to give the Broadway performers a "severe spell of indisposition." The difference is this:—in Broadway, the *habitues* prefer quality to quantity; in the Bowery, *vice versa*.

A turn-up took place last week between Laura Keene and two of her people, viz.: Messrs. Raymond and Lennox. Cards have passed between the hostile parties, but as yet nothing but ink has been shed. It seems that Laura gave notice, on the 14th, to the gentlemen above named, that their services would no longer be required, or rather, that the season would terminate that night; whereupon, Messrs. Raymond and Lennox place their grievances before the public, claiming that they were engaged for the season, which, it was understood, would continue until June or July. They say that they have fulfilled the conditions of the bond, except that they refused to perform on New Year's afternoon. Laura charges that they violated their compact by not performing on that day, and charges them with trying to injure her and her interests. We have read the cards of both parties, and we have come to the conclusion that Laura has the worst side. The gentlemen erred in not performing on the afternoon stated, and Laura would have been justified in discharging them at once, as their contract called for their attendance at afternoon entertainments whenever required, but she retained them in her employ, thereby overlooking any fault they may have committed. She retained them for more than two months after the commission of the fault attributed to them; and this, we think, will bar the chances of her success should the parties sue her for their salaries for the remainder of the season. She had no right to discharge them as she did, before the season has terminated. A few years ago, one of our Broadway managers was sued by a member of his company whom he discharged in the middle of the season. The Court allowed the actor the full amount of his salary for the remainder of the season. Witnesses were called to prove the length of a season as understood among the profession, and the manager was shown to be in the wrong. It would be very unjust to the performer if the manager had the privilege of terminating a season whenever *he* pleased. People engage with the understanding that a season commences early in the fall, and runs into the early summer months, making about nine months in all. Now, if a performer is thrown out of an engagement in the middle of a season, the chances are against his getting employment before the opening of the next campaign, and this is the case with Raymond and Lennox; and it is probable that they will present themselves for duty at Laura Keene's theatre, as usual, and that if they are denied admittance they will at once commence an action for salary, and the Court, without doubt, will award it.

Our menagerie friends will leave us after this week, and it may be a long time before an opportunity is offered to see their like again. The wonderful performing elephants make an exhibition truly marvellous, for it would seem almost impossible that such huge animals could perform such astonishing feats as they do. Drop in and see the show this week, before it closes.

African colonization is a question that has for a long time past puzzled the heads of legislators, senators, presidents, kings, princes, nobles, members of parliament, Philadelphia lawyers, and all the wise men of the east; and yet "what shall I do with it?" is still asked. Tired of the "nigger on the fence," the CLIPPER comes to the rescue, and "solutes" the knotty point, by announcing that Mr. Thos. Barber, with commendable enterprise, has selected twelve real, genuine, unadulterated contraband negroes, those who have their bump of music and fun largely developed, and organized them into a minstrel company, called "The Great Southern Contraband Troupe," with whom, in a week or two at most, he intends braving the roaring billows of the Atlantic, and making a tour of Europe. The idea is novel, and perchance there's money in it. If so, we'll send all the negroes off to Europe, when maybe they wont be so ready to poke fun at Uncle Sam on the subject. By reference to Mr. Barber's advertisement, it will be seen that these colored minstrels all hail from "way down south, in Dixie," so that they ought to be well able to give lifelike representations of plantation life, and "sing the songs their fathers sang in auld lang syne." This company will have an advantage over their "white brudders," on the score of economy, inasmuch as they wont have to cork up, although they may go to Cork, for, like other hardware, cork has riz Let us hope that the enterprise may succeed, and that European specie may flow copiously into the safes of the twelve sable apostles of amusements, and those under whose management and direction they are.

A first-class dramatist is wanted, one who thoroughly understands French and German. Apply as directed in advertisement in this issue.

Another ram has been added to our amusement iron-clads, and it is called the—we must spell it. P-o-l pol, o-p op, pol-op, t-i ti, pol-op-ti, c-o co, pol-op-ti-co, m-o mo, pol-op-ti-co-mo, r-a-m ram, pol-op-ti-co-mo-ram, a; Pol-op-ti-co-mo-ram-a. There; that's what they call it. It is soon to be launched in this city, and is intended for operations in the west. Managers of theatres will please make a note of Messrs. Clapp & Co's advertisement in this issue.

"The New Idea." This is the singular title, as our readers have been previously informed, bestowed upon Wallack's old Theatre on Broadway, which was re-opened to the public on the 16th inst., by Chamberlain & Co., with Messrs. Fox and Curran as business managers, with the "new idea" of "giving the public three times the value of their money" in "legitimate entertainments." "That's the idea," to suit the masses who favor light, varied, and cheap amusements, as every evening since the opening, the place has been crowded, ladies being largely represented. We were not present at the opening, but visited the house a few evenings since, and witnessed the inaugural performance which has been given every night. To afford an idea of the genteel order of entertainments offered at "The New Idea," we give a condensed report of the same, hoping that seekers after amusement in the city will favor the idea of supporting this new enterprise. First came an overture (Child of the Regt.), orchestra, some twenty pieces, including a piano, David Braham wielding the baton. Music splendid. Then followed the "New Idea Minstrels," consisting of some seven or eight performers, among them J. K. Campbell, P. Berger, T. B. Bishop, W. A. Wray, and J. Stewart. At another time we may possibly speak of these gentlemen as their merits deserve. In part second, we had a terpsichorean affair, in which M'lle Helene, Adele Calla, Frances Nixon, Millie Theodore, danseuses, and a splendid corps de ballet. Banjo exercises, with imitations, by W. A. Wray, followed, with "Ham Fat" by J. K. Campbell, sandwiched with the song of "McGregor's Gathering," by Miss Allinson, who was encored. Then came a medley dance by Miss Nixon, and more nigger, followed with a Highland fling by M'lle Theodore, which was burlesqued by W. A. Wray. "Nigger on the Fence," with banjo solo by W. Herman and Campbell, was executed very nicely. The Protean sheet of paper, by W. A. Wray, elicited considerable applause and wonder. The ballet and pantomime of "La Maja De Seville" was next in order, after which Miss Allinson appeared and warbled the patriotic song, "When this Cruel War is Over." To hear this beautiful songstress in the ballad named, is alone worth a visit. The Plantation Festival, "High Daddy," terminated the performances, the audience finding themselves on the sidewalk at ten o'clock, "homeward bound." Much amusement in a short space of time, seems to be the actuating idea of the management, and we think it a good one, providing always, that the programme offered is ably sustained. So far, except in some minor particulars, consequent, no doubt, upon the fact that "der masheen" is not yet in good running order, it has been so, and the audiences have been pleased, and with proper care and energy, "The New Idea" will prove a good idea.

Miss Adah I. Menken has had her written play of "White Eagle, or the Prairie Steed," copyrighted in the U. S. District Court of this city.

On Saturday, March 21st, Laura Keene closed the first week of her farewell season at her theatre in Broadway, the performance on the occasion being that beautiful and popular drama "Rachel the Reaper," in which Miss Keene so effectually takes the character of the heroine, and Chas. Wheatleigh that of the principal male character of the play, Corporal Patrick. Of course the house was well filled, and the excellence of the acting throughout merited a crowded house, for seldom has the piece been better presented, even by the same performers, than it was on this occasion. Miss Keene imparted more than her usual life and vigor to the part of Rachel, her natural rendition of the character being deeply affecting to the sympathies of her auditors. Wheatleigh as the toil-worn veteran of the Wellington campaign, was truly admirable. We never see this piece of acting without forgetting that he is not actually the aged warrior he seems to be, so true to nature is his every word and action throughout the play. He has made the character one entirely his own, and he has no living equal in the part. Daly's personation of Robert Hawthorn was a very good one, but the next best piece of acting to that of the two principal characters, was that of Levick as Dick Hickman. It was a creditable effort throughout. Miss Burke took the part of the widow Mayfield, and did it well too. The time previous that we saw this play, the lamented Miss Emma Taylor assumed the character, and we were painfully reminded of her absence and the cause of it, by the performance on this occasion. The other characters were well performed, and in fact, the play was well placed upon the stage, especially considering that it was one of a series of farewell performances, at which time carelessness is apt to rule.

There was a sort of patch-work at the Winter Garden last week, the three first evenings being allotted to Miss Mary Provost, who closed her engagement on the 18th. On the 19th, Mr. S. Davis had a night, and on the 20th, Messrs. Lennox and Raymond, Laura Keene's belligerents, put their names up for a benefit, for which occasion Mrs. John Wood kindly volunteered. Mr. Dan Setchell also appeared on the 18th, 19th, and 20th, and made a very favorable impression.

Wallack's Theatre continues to be liberally supported, although it is necessary now and then to give two pieces the same evening to keep up the business. In reproducing old and standard comedies, Mr. Wallack "struck ile," beyond a doubt. Occasional benefits vary the programmes, and all who go in for a night are pretty sure to be well rewarded.

Mr Joseph Proctor remains at the Old Bowery. Thus far his engagement has been profitable to manager and star.

The opera was in the fog last week. On the 16th "Norma" was on the bills, but Medori became "indisposed," and there being no one handy in the house to take her place, no performance was given,, to the great loss of the manager, whose box sheet exhibited signs of a monster audience. "Un Ballo," the "Traviata" and "Favorita" were given with Medori left out, and Guerrabella counted in. Medori may try it on again this week.

The Bryants are on the high road to fortune and a brown stone on avenue V, their hall being crowded every night.

The "Enchantress renewed its last season's success at Niblo's, during the past week, the houses having been quite large, and certainly very enthusiastic over the brilliant vocalization of Miss Caroline Richings, who has established herself as a great favorite in New York. The "Enchantress" is always welcome here, and the metropolis will never fail to honor her demand at sight. The spectacle will be repeated during the present week, The engagement of Mr. and Miss Richings will soon close. They go next to Boston.

A very profane professional gentleman, a friend of ours, who seems to have been stuck with a bad bill, was recently provoked into the perpetration of the following conundrum:—"Why is this bill like a very little river? Because it isn't worth a dam."

Mr. Wood very wisely withdrew the play of "Grand Dad Joe," after its ninth representation. Mr. W. gave it a very fair trial, placed it handsomely upon the stage, and advertised it thoroughly; but it failed to satisfy the wants of the patrons of his hall, and he at once returned to the old style of minstrelsy, which never fails to attract large and delighted audiences. Mr. Wood is ever on the alert for novelties, and some of his productions have had remarkable runs. This week, an unusually strong bill of attractions is offered, and the beautiful hall opposite the St. Nicholas will be in a blaze of glory.

This evening, March 23d, Miss Lucille Western commences an engagement at the Winter Garden, and if the subordinate characters are rendered in keeping with the characterization of Lady Isabel by Miss Western, there can be no question as to the success of the absorbing drama of "East Lynne," which has been performed in Philadelphia to the largest audiences ever assembled in a theatre in that city. Had it not been for engagements previously entered into, Miss Western could have continued her success in Philadelphia for weeks to come. East Lynne, as given by Miss Western, is different from Miss Heron's version, and better adapted to please *all* classes. The book is more closely followed out than in Miss Heron's play, and some of the situations are intensely thrilling and natural. Altogether, it is one of the most affecting dramas ever presented to the public, and can scarcely fail to have a most successful run.

We never saw such a house as the American Theatre had last Saturday night. There wasn't even standing room, much less a place to sit down; they were jammed in so close that even Calvin Edson, the skeleton, couldn't have worked his way to an eligible position. Up stairs and down—there they were, hanging on almost by their teeth, and straining every nerve to get a sight at the performance. It was no place for little fellows like us. What do you think of fifteen hundred tickets being sold to the gallery alone? Well, that was the number at ten o'clock, and how many more the gentlemanly ticket man sold after that we can give no idea. There's an important secret about 444 that Mr. Robert Butler and Mons. La Thorne are the possessors of, that makes this one of the greatest houses in America. It is the continual scene of novelty presented. No waits, no bungling; Mons. La Thorne's little whistle regulates the performers like a vast machine. The fiddlers and handlers of brazen instruments are never caught tuning up—no time for that; but presto! change! and one act follows the other as regular as the clock. Acting, posturing, singing, and dancing, are all so nicely arranged—not too much of anything—that before the one has had time to get out of "the mind's eve," another follows with the speed of a locomotive. Mr. Chas. E. Collins, as the Female Cure, is still the great feature. Mr. T. L. Donnelly has now got completely in the good graces of the "gods." The Delevanti Brothers perform new tricks every night. Messrs. Charley White, Bob Hart, Jim Wambold, T. G. Riggs, Charley Gardner, Geo. Warren, and Master Tommy, all do their best to outshine each other. The Misses Frances Le Roy, Augusta Walby, Millie Flora, Mary Blake, Fannie May, Kitty Lee, and the renowned Schultze Sisters look prettier the oftener you see them, and Paul Brillant's ballet troupe are better than ever. Miss Fanny Forrest's singing is too well known and appreciated for any comment whatever, and all goes off as "merry as a marriage bell." M'lle Bertha, the accomplished danseuse, was to appear on the 23d inst.

Miss Adah Isaacs Menken, having terminated her highly successful ten weeks engagement at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, is now in town, and will remain a few days, previous to commencing at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, on the 30th.

John Barry, the somersault rider, is in town. He thinks of traveling in the States this season, and will probably join his brother, Frank Barry, in Europe, the coming fall.

Col. T. Allston Brown has returned to the city after a trip through the West, and is prepared to negotiate with Managers for the coming summer season. Col. Brown is desirous to travel with a Circus Company, as "layer out," or as Treasurer. Has filled the above positions before, and understands the business thoroughly. Managers wishing to engage a reliable, hard working Agent, can address him at this office.

"The Phantom" is the latest sensation at the New Bowery. The company at this house are always popular, and possibly no theatre in the city does a more steady business than this one. George C. Boniface, the handsome young tragedian, enacts the Phantom; Mr. J. W. Lingard, Doctor Keese; E. Brookes, Davy; and Mrs. W. G. Jones, Lucy Peveryl and Ada Raby. Mrs. W. G. Jones has a benefit here on Tuesday, the 24th, when a very attractive bill will be presented. Give the little lady a bumper.

DRAMATIC.

The reign of mud seems to be supreme everywhere, not only on the Rappahannock, but clear up to the gates of the capitol. In truth, king mud seems to have instituted a reign of terror throughout all "this vast domain;" and so thinks our Washington correspondent, who, writing on the 19th, talks in the following strain:—"Washington, as usual, presents a mass of everything antagonistic to cleanliness, godliness and decorum. The Provost Marshal, to be sure, exercises stringently his functions in preserving order, but it appears that his force is not equal to the task. Mud is the order of the day, streets, sidewalks, residences, in-door and out-door, nothing but mud. It is a crying shame that the streets and avenues of the capital are thus neglected. The corporation assume it to be the duty of Congress, and Congress that of the city authorities to preserve the cleanliness of the city, and thus we are left in Washington with the filthiest city in America, a second Naples, a disgrace to the country. Amusements are as well patronized as ever. The combination of Davenport and Wallack, assisted by Misses Mestayer and Parker and Messrs. Charles Barron and J. E. Whiting are performing at Grover's Theatre to the largest audiences ever known in this city. On Monday the house was so crowded that many were unable to gain admission who worked to do so. On Wednesday, the play was "Hamlet," Davenport as Hamlet, and Wallack as the Ghost, and the receipts on this night are known to have been very nearly $850. At the Washington Theatre the houses have been mediocre, with Matilda Heron as "Camille" and "Medea," but very good considering the standard unpopularity of the establishment. Many readers, especially those who have been here, or those who are interested in its public institutions would naturally inquire: Has the floating population decreased since the adjournment of Congress? To this permit me to say that there is no visible difference, except in the immediate vicinity of the halls of legislation. The innumerable "gin mills" have their doors as densely blocked as ever with loungers, the lovers of the elegant game of billiards continue to be so numerous as to occupy constantly the thousand and one tables of hotels and elsewhere, while the theatres are crowded just as densely as of old—at Grover's the audiences equalling in numbers those of the famous Barney Williams engagement when Congress was in session. The railroads too do their usual [illegible] and the [illegible] That [illegible] United [illegible] Wilkes [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] Miss [illegible] courte [illegible] The [illegible] W. C [illegible] other [illegible] as a [illegible] first [illegible] "Fa [illegible] scen [illegible] a m [illegible] bloo [illegible] a rou [illegible] the a [illegible] spen [illegible] few [illegible] "Go [illegible] stag [illegible] tire [illegible] be a [illegible] satis [illegible] brea [illegible] To t [illegible] bot [illegible] ag [illegible] ed [illegible] ss [illegible] b [illegible] y [illegible] the I [illegible] up th [illegible] her [illegible] Mr [illegible] Wood [illegible] Rank [illegible] Flor [illegible] Stage [illegible] ment [illegible] first [illegible] failed [illegible] his g [illegible] open [illegible] Lions [illegible] than [illegible] tage [illegible] the [illegible] Hall [illegible] fou [illegible] I ca [illegible] lead [illegible] attri [illegible] gage [illegible] the [illegible] a pa [illegible] Hall [illegible] the [illegible] inst [illegible] than [illegible] first [illegible] scen [illegible] the [illegible] Stage [illegible] up th [illegible] her [illegible] Mr [illegible] Wood [illegible] Rank [illegible] Flor [illegible]

HELL BRIDGE;

OR,

A LIFE AND DEATH CONTEST.

a narrow pass, between the mountains in the neighf Bendearg, in the Highlands of Scotland, which, at a nce, has the appearance of an immense artificial bridge er a tremendous chasm; but on nearer approach is a wall of nature's own masonry, formed of vast and dies of solid rock, piled on each other as if in the rt of the architecture. Its sides are in some places th trees of a considerable size; and the passenger who steady enough to look down, may see the eyrie of rey beneath his feet. The path across is so narrow, not admit of persons passing; and, indeed, none but uld attempt the dangerous route, though it saves a three miles; yet, it sometimes happens that two trat, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a s from either side; and when this is the case, one lies le the other crawls over his body. One day, a Highlking along the pass, when he had gained the highest he arch, observed another coming leisurely up, and self one of the patrician order, called to him to lie he person, however, disregarded the command, and anders met on the summit. They were Cairn and Benbe two families, in enmity to each other. "I was first at said Bendearg, "and called out first; lie down that I over in peace." "When the Grant prostrates himself Pherson," answered the other, "it must be with a rough his body." "Turn back then," said Bendearg, ass as you came." "Go back yourself, if you like it," Grant; "I will not be the first of my name to turn before hersons." They then threw their bonnets over the preand advanced with a slow and cautious pace closer to each They were both unarmed. Stretching their limbs, like eparing for a desperate struggle, they planted their feet on the ground, compressed their lips, knit their brows, ing firm nd watchful eyes on each other, stood prepared onset. They both grappled at the same moment; but, of an equal strength; were unable to shift each other's n—standing fixed on the rock, with suppressed breath, uscles strained to the "top of their bent," like statues out of the solid stone. At length, M'Pherson, suddenly ping his right foot so as to give him greater purchase, Soil his body, and bent his enemy down with him by main both, till they both leaned over the precipice, looking down- pto the terrible abyss. The contest was as yet doubtful, Hunt had placed his foot firmly on an elevation at the brink, shed equal command of his enemy, but at this moment erson sunk slowly and firmly on his knee, and, while Grant sly started back, stooping to take the supposed advantage, lwl him over his head into the gulf—M'Pherson himself fell words, his body partly hanging over the rock—a fragment nly beneath him, and he sunk further—till, catching with a rate effort at the solid stone above, he regained his foothere was a pause of death-like stillness, and the bold f M'Pherson felt sick and faint. At length, as if compellillingly by some mysterious feeling, he looked down over cipice. Grant had caught with a death-like gripe by the point of a rock—his enemy was almost within reach. His s turned upward, and there was in it horror and despair, ttered no word or cry. The next moment he loosed his d his brains were dashed out before the eyes of his heribe: the mangled body disappeared among the trees, and heavy and hollow sound arose from the bottom. M'Pherrned home an altered man. He purchased a commission rmy, and fell bravely in the wars of the Peninsula. The ame of the place where this tragedy was acted signifies dge.

NOTICE — NOTICE.

HE METROPOLITAN PURCHASING COMPANY, ummoned for the purpose of furnishing to parties living out ntry facilities for purchasing goods which they cannot procure home, are now prepared to fill orders for any description merchandise, Books, Cards, Prints, Boxing Gloves, Foils, and Jewelry, &c., &c., at the lowest market price. rs by mail faithfully attended to, and Circulars furnished the cation. E. D. LONG, Manager, institute of the firm of H. Long & Bro., and E. D. Long & Co. pass all orders for anything you may want, to E. D. LONG, 122½ Fulton st., N. Y. No charge for information. 50-4t*

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ENT.—Reduction in Price. Our Famous Bijou Fancy Package, with "additional attractions," containing are pi, Songs, Jokes, Toasts, FIVE BOOK CIRCULARS and a her ED ENGRAVING, sent to any address on receipt of 15 MsNO HUMBUG. EDGAR, MORPHY & CO., 81 Nassau Street, New York.

DYING CARDS.

Wood's Louisville Theatre opened on the 16th with the Seven Sisters. Lotty Hough is the Tartarine.

Fuller produced the Seven Sisters at his Louisville Theatre three nights in advance of Wood. Mr. M. W. Fisk and Miss Annie E. Dillingham made their *debut* as Mrs. Pluto and Tartarine.

Died in the city of Memphis, Tenn., on the 3d ult., at the residence of her grandmother, Mrs. Dyke, Miss Lottie Leroy, eldest daughter of J. H. Leroy, now, or formerly, agent for Madame Duret. The deceased was a most interesting girl, just entering her fifteenth year, and a very promising young actress. May the flowers bloom sweetly over the grave of the youthful dead!

Mr. Neafie, the American tragedian, whose successful tour in Europe has for the past year been followed with similar results at home, put in a week at the Metropolitan, Indianapolis, Ind., from the 9th to the 14th. On the 13th, the occasion of Mr. Neafie's benefit, "The Advocate" and "Don Cæsar de Bazan" were given, with that old (speaking figuratively—we meant to say, young) New York favorite, the piquant and captivating Miss Marion Macarthy, of Burton's and Laura Keene's as Maritana. On his last night, the curtain was to rise at 7¾ P. M. to enable Mr. Neafie to leave on the 10.10 train for Chicago, which was figuring it down pretty close. The show commenced with "Damon and Pythias" and ended with "An Object of Interest," Marion Macarthy as Fanny Gribbles and Felix A. Vincent as Barney O'Dwyer.

Mrs. Waller has been the star at the St. Louis Theatre since the 9th inst., on which evening she appeared as Lady Macbeth. Mr. Waller was the Macbeth during the four first acts, but, according to our correspondent "Copernicus," he was unable to go on with the part in the fifth act, owing to indisposition, and Mr. Connor, who was the Macduff of the evening, had to finish the part of Macbeth for Mr. Waller, while Mr. Krone sustained the character of Macduff. During the first week, the plays given were Macbeth, Othello, The Stranger, Sybil, Hamlet, Kate O'Brien, and Lucrezia Borgia. On the 16th, she opened her second week with Geneva, the Fortune Teller. Mr. T. L. Connor has been the principal support of Mrs. Waller during her engagement, owing to the illness of Mr. Waller, who has been unable to appear since the opening night.

Madame Marguerite's dramatization of "Aurora Floyd" was given for the first time, on the 17th, at the Arch, Philadelphia, and repeated on the three following evenings, to moderate houses. The play was well received, and may be said to have achieved a success. It was withdrawn after the 20th, Frank Drew's benefit taking place on the 21st. Mr. Barton Hill's benefit on the 16th was well attended.

John S. Clarke filled out a full week at the Walnut, Philadelphia, closing on the 21st. He attracted good houses. There is no star here for the present week, but on the 23d, Horace Wigan's comedy entitled "Friends or Foes," will be brought out. It was performed in New York early in the season.

Miss Mary Provost, who has just closed a series of performances at the Winter Garden, New York, will appear before a Philadelphia audience this evening, 23d, as Nell Gwynne, in which character she made such an impression in New York and elsewhere. She performs through the week at the Arch. She is a pleasing actress, and we bespeak for her a fair hearing.

Anschutz's German Opera was only partially successful in its second season at the Philadelphia Academy. A third "season" was commenced on the 20th, with a disappointment, the opera announced not being given. The attendance was very shy. The "Merry Wives of Windsor," comic opera, was produced during the past week, but it did not create any enthusiasm.

The following little notice we came across on the 21st, in the advertising columns of the New York *Herald*, and we voluntarily give it a more prominent place in our dramatic summary:—"THEATRICAL CARD.—Having completed a series of engagements in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, all of which I believe have been attended with a result alike pleasing to managers and myself, and as my agent, Mr. W. H. Paul, has rendered me essential service by his unremitting attention to my business, I hereby return to him and the public my most grateful acknowledgments.—BARNEY WILLIAMS." We give it room in our summary, because it refers to a class of men—in speaking of Mr. Paul—whose services are seldom properly appreciated or acknowledged by those who employ them, or by the public at large. Agents for stars, or for traveling companies, have a deal of labor to perform, and upon them rests a heavy responsibility. Many of our most prominent performers owe their success in public life to the tact and skill of their agents, to whom are confided all preliminary matters connected with engagements, etc., etc. Yet these men are seldom seen or known by the outside world. "They work in a mysterious way, their wonders to perform."

The local play entitled the "Hot Corn Girl" was one of the attractions at the National, Boston, last week.

J. Wilkes Booth, whose engagement at the Holliday, Baltimore, commenced on the 16th, has been attracting excellent houses during the week.

Mons. Gilbert, with his ballet and pantomime troupe, appears to have made quite a hit at Fuller's National Theatre, Cincinnati, both press and people join in praising his two leading [illegible]es, Mons. Baptistain and M'lle Sophie. Fuller is so satis[illegible]with the manner in which they keep the house full, and [illegible]rton, the treasurer, in keeping the exchequer full, that the [illegible]gement has been extended for a lengthened period. They [illegible]a grand performance every Saturday, at 2 P.M.

The Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, the attendance has been Hands during the past week, to see Miss Charlotte Thompson as A scene Barefoot," which is the chief character and title of a sen- Was equal five act drama translated from the German "Das Bar- Milde," by F. Schouler, of Cincinnati. It was presented for the Was time there on the 16th, and as a matter of interest and for A [illegible]ke of record, we give the cast, which was as follows:—Little The [illegible]ot, Miss Charlotte Thompson; Rosel, Mrs. Sloan; Mrs. Ro- [illegible]iss Phillips; Mrs. Freid, Mrs. Porter; Kate, Miss Kings- [illegible]Moni, Miss Ifert; Amriel, Miss Whitton; Mr. Fried, B. Phillips; Mr. Rodel, Mr. Higgins; Johannes, Mr. [illegible]Hans, Mr. C. Hale; Kappenzachen, Mr. Nickenson; Casper, Porter; Melchior, Mr. Bass; Balthes, Mr. Rucker; Fridel, [illegible]shton. It is stated that Cubas is to appear at this house week.

Poor Jul [illegible]s Amy M. Frost, formerly leading woman at the Memphis should not [illegible]tre, was married in that city on the 2d inst., to Captain the meanw [illegible]erick B. Clapp, Quartermaster of General Morgan L. Smith's TED SOA [illegible]on, under General Grant. Rev. Dr. White officiated. We from tan, [illegible]ame the result of this Frost marriage will be a "nipping and moreover [illegible]ger" heir. We wish the newly wedded couple a lifetime of banishing [illegible]ine and happiness. OR THE [illegible]s Julia Daly, comedienne and vocalist, entered upon a short instantan [illegible]gement at the Metropolitan, Indianapolis, on the 16th inst., imparts a [illegible]pening piece being "The Female American Cousin," which DR. FI [illegible]Daly, by her happy style of acting in it, has made peculiar- and sple [illegible]rown. It is worth a juvenile greenback to hear her sing Grand st [illegible]lle Cum Dinkee Doo." Mr. Felix A. Vincent and Miss lished a [illegible]n Macarthy are also performing at the Metropolitan. 129 Wash [illegible]e E. Dillingham is not giving Shakespearean readings with others, w [illegible]. B. Rice, as reported, but is playing at Fuller's Louisville and circu [illegible]tre.

[illegible]re was an immense house at the New Chestnut, Philadel- [illegible]on the 21st inst., on the occasion of the last performance, [illegible]e present, of Miss Lucille Western, in the beautiful drama [illegible]ast Lynne. Every seat was occupied, and standing room, [illegible]could not be had after the curtain had been wound up. whole engagement of Miss Western has been a great success, [illegible]house being crowded at every performance in which that [illegible]appeared.

Protect [illegible]the New Memphis Theatre, benefits have been the order of Dec. 8, [illegible]ight since the setting in of Lent. Mr. G. S. Kames, a very Septem [illegible]ble actor, was the recipient of an overflowing house on the The re [illegible]ion of his benefit, when he appeared as King Lear. Mr. passed i [illegible]hill's was the next, and such a crowd is seldom seen in players a [illegible]his. Mr. Tannehill is represented as being one of the best any Bill [illegible]g juvenile actors in the country, equally at home in char- [illegible]parts and fops, and we are glad to hear that the people PHE [illegible]4th edition out in such numbers to make his night a benefit indeed. grams an [illegible]ly's benefit was another bumper. Mr. Naylor's (the elegantly [illegible]pter) ben. came off on the 6th, when Richelieu and the Ad [illegible]zvous were given, Mr. Naylor appearing as Quake, and Mrs. [illegible]hill as Francois.

Nashville Theatre, under Mr. Duffield's management, is [illegible]oing a fine business, and the performances are spoken of [illegible]much favor. We have already given a list of the company. [illegible]aude Hamilton was up for a benefit on the 14th, when [illegible]t was to be produced.

DON'T [illegible]orwich, Ct., J. C. Myers and company gave dramatic per- [illegible]ces at Breed Hall, from Saturday 14th to Saturday 21st. OUR NE [illegible]izens exhibited good breeding by bestowing their patron- [illegible]gely. On the 20th, "Michael Earle," with J. C. Myers and [illegible]Woodard in the leading characters, and "The Spectre THE OLI [illegible]room" comprised "the bill of the play." On the closing [illegible]21st, "The Effects of War" were elaborately portrayed, [illegible]More Blunders Than One" was exhibited. The arrange- Where on [illegible]of this last programme gets one in on the Administration [illegible]shington, but whether Manager Myers intended it, we can- [illegible]y. The effects of war and more blunders than one. When [illegible]in plain language and not given as titles to plays, what a [illegible]nt commentary they are on our military man-overs of the [illegible]wo years.

In Nashville, Tenn., we have the gratifying intelligence [illegible]ings in the amusement line are flourishing. The army having been paid off, greenbacks are plenty, and a fair find their way into the hands of the show people. At the [illegible]e, Manager Duffield has lavishly hung out his attractions, [illegible]ring the week closing on the 14th, gave "Macbeth," "La [illegible]be Nesle," "Hamlet," etc., with a good cast.

Are now [illegible]otable first appearance was made at Grover's Theatre, Cards, p [illegible]ington, D. C., on the 20th, being none other than Mr. Sew- and Actr [illegible]our indefatigable Secretary of State. An evening at Grover's Newspap [illegible]t but have benefited him, as our actor people know well Gloves, [illegible]to drive dull care away. Stereos [illegible]s Annie Levering soon leaves Philadelphia, where she has Books, N [illegible]sojourning for a few days, for Leavenworth city.

[illegible]s Isaacs Menken terminated her splendid ten weeks' engage- [illegible]at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, on Saturday, March [illegible]From the first until the last night there was one continual [illegible]o procure seats in advance, and no falling off whatever, as Regist [illegible]ed by a correspondent in our last issue. Perhaps there is tf-33 [illegible]ace where Miss Menken is better appreciated and better [illegible]han in the Monumental City, and from her last three en- [illegible]gements in that city, we are led to believe our Baltimorean [illegible]s would only be too glad for the young lady to take up her [illegible]with them altogether. "Mazeppa" kept the boards for [illegible]ights without any diminution of numbers—on the con- [illegible]when the new run around the dress circle was introduced, [illegible]ready good business increased all the more. When Miles [illegible]d along round the dress-circle, we thought *him* a "won- [illegible]but what shall we say of the fair Adah, the originator of this novel feature, who initiated it at Pittsburgh and Albany, (although Miles first rode the act in Baltimore) long before Mr. M. ever thought of it. We scarcely know what to say, so, to get out of difficulty, we will explain the hazardous feat. The "run" is put up on its own "uprights" and takes a course through the audience in the line of the dress circle. It is what may be termed a "skeleton run," *being only two feet wide*, with strong iron wire railing guarding the edge of the run, on both sides, for a foot above the level of said run. The part barring the entrance to the parquet is bolded down, just as the scene comes on, by the carpenters, then, after the curtain goes down, thrown back like a cellar door. After being lashed to the horse, who rears and paws frantically, on a given signal, off the animal starts at full speed round the dress circle, and so on up the runs to the top of the theatre! As may be imagined, the scene is both wonderful and thrilling, the more so from the great danger incurred by the daring and graceful rider. On the 16th, Miss Menken appeared in the new play of "White Eagle, or the Prairie Steed," written by herself and copyrighted. It achieved a great success at once, and has been kept on all the week: the riding in this piece is said to be even more reckless than in "Mazeppa." Last Tuesday evening, four hundred and thirty-two ladies were presented with portraits of the lovely Adah, and on Saturday afternoon a similar *souvenir* was to be distributed to every lady, gentleman, and child that visited the theatre! Such liberality was never before heard of, and if the Front Street house wasn't packed to the ceiling we shall be very much mistaken. The idea of "Mazeppa" going to Norfolk is a canard. On the 30th, Miss Ada will open with "Mazeppa" at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, when the piece is to be produced regardless of expense. "Menken" will be presented in grand style there. The Opera House is almost, if not quite as large as the Academy of Music in this city. Mr. Pike is both rich and liberal, and nothing will be left undone to have all the lady's pieces brought out in a style of magnificence and splendor never equalled in America.

We understand that a Boston company will open the old Green Street Theatre, Albany, N. Y., early in April.

Captain John Smith, of Albany, has become lessee of the Syracuse Theatre, and will open on the first of May. Captain John has the reputation of being "a live man and a square dealer."

Mr. W. H. Riley, of the Metropolitan, Indianapolis, on the 14th inst., was presented with a massive and beautiful gold chain by his many friends out there. One of the locals goes at him in this 'ere style:—"Mr. Riley, a steadily blazing star, has outshone nightly many an erratic comet or aerolite who has condescended to visit our Indianapolis sublunary sphere, attempting to blaze away on our theatrical firmament, so that all the people should be blind." The local raps somebody over the knuckles pretty severely. Who does he mean? We have not heard whether Riley got "riled" at seeing so much "goold," or whether he was struck all in a heap with surprise: in either case he has our deep and healthy sympathy in this "unexpected calamity."

Mr. Forrest, at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, gave a new rendering of certain portions of Richard III., on the 20th inst., and the audience, by their applause, gave evidence that they approved of the alterations. Instead of making the funeral procession of King Henry halt in the public street, while Richard makes love to Lady

Darcie and Miss Davis; and Phelim O'Duff and the amiable Elsie.

Another week, and the three Benedicts were on their way to the seat of war. They have already sent home a good account of themselves. May they continue to do so.

THE END.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1863.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JACK AND JIM.—1. Certainly. Scene plots must be made out by the manager or prompter of the association and placed into the hands of a scene shifter, who will attend to their proper arrangement. 2. Such light pieces as "Box and Cox," "Bachelor's Bedroom," "Taming a Tiger," "Sent to the Tower," "Fast Train," "No One Round the Corner" and "Unwarrantable Intrusion," are adapted to your purpose. 3. There are no other halls at present. Military Hall in the Bowery contains many good meeting rooms. Don't know the rent.

OLD SPORT, New York.—1. Going to a Sunday paper for reliable sporting news, appears to us about as reasonable as going to a butcher's shop for bread or boots; an "Old Sport" ought to have known better, and your loss of "soap" serves you right. These same Sunday papers will, when it serves their purpose, pitch in to all kinds of sports, from billiards to backgammon, and call down the vengeance of the law on the devoted heads of the sportsmen themselves. "Anything for a sensation" is their motto, hence the reason of the "bogus report" you complain of.

DRAW BLUFF, Baltimore.—"A, B, C, D, are playing 'Draw Bluff.' A bets twenty chips, B calls him, when A shows two kings and two deuces; B asks him whether he has anything else, and A replies in the negative; B then shows three eights and takes the stakes, but A produces his fifth card, which is a king, thus making a full hand. The question is, can A, after having called his hand falsely, claim the stakes?".....No, A cannot claim the stakes, and B "rakes the pile."

C. A., New York.—The following are the dimensions and capacity of the New York Academy of Music:—Area of stage 4570 feet; depth 57½ feet; width 83 feet; proscenium 49 feet wide; parquet 93 feet wide and 108 deep. Total area of ground, 24293 feet, 204 feet on 14th street, and 122 on Irving Place. The parquet seats 550, parquet circle 515, second tier 435, amphitheatre 1000, private boxes 50. Total, 2550.

READER, Newark.—Both sides have had a hearing, and we cannot spare the room for a controversy which the publication of your second epistle would lead to. Besides, the managers replied over their own names, and as yet we are in the dark concerning your name.

H. P., Boston.—Well, we expected as much; they *promise* a great deal, and perform very little. Like yourself, there are several others awaiting remittances from that quarter.

E. R. K., Lancaster, N. H.—One mile, at the rate of one minute 40⅝ seconds, and two miles in three minutes 25 seconds is the best recorded time for a running horse.

AMY M. F., Memphis.—Sad news indeed. We thank you, however, for putting us in the way of being of some benefit, and hope the poor girl's father will see the paragraph as desired.

N. B. W., C. Wemyss, 575 Broadway, can supply you with photographs of the player. See his advertisement in our theatrical advertising department.

EPIUS, Philadelphia.—We believe there was a memoir published in one of the papers at the time of his death, but we have seen nothing in book form. We also gave a short sketch.

W. R., Camp at Falmouth.—1. Tom Hyer fought but two prize fights, and they were with Country McCleester and Yankee Sullivan; he won both. 2. Hyer never fought Morrissey.

G. V. C., New York.—"A, B, C, and D are playing bluff. A deals the cards—B passes—has C the privilege of going or making a blind?".....No.

OTHELLO.—The best thing you can do is to join a dramatic association. We know of none better than the Burton Club. Inquire for particulars at Military Hall in the Bowery.

BOB C., New York.—1. The best jump recorded, is 31 feet, 7½ inches, over nine horses, by Tom King, at San Francisco. 2. Your other queries are "not in our line."

P. M. F., New York.—P. J. C., could not "renig" the ace of hearts from the Jack or five of trumps if they were lead, supposing he had no other trump.

T. W. W., Springfield, Ill.—The Unknown is to make his name known on March 27.

Q. B., Cambridge, Mass.—The lady is the original Marietta Ravel, so we are credibly informed.

A. S., Boston.—We have been unable to get the necessary information to answer your queries.

W. C. W., New York.—Have not seen anything of the missing letter.

A. H. A., 6th Army Corps, Va.—The hand counts twenty-four, twelve by fifteens, and twelve by double pair royal.

J. R. M., Alexandria, Va.—Yes, send letter, and we will advertise it.

DERRINGER, Nashville.—Some of your items were anticipated. Have placed you on our list.

B. GRIFFITHS, Pottsville, Pa.—Send us your address, and we will forward you a letter at once.

W. B. F., Buffalo.—He loses the deal; he had no right to turn the card.

PROFESSIONAL, St. Louis.—We can only refer you to our theatrical summary.

IRON CLAD, Newark, N. J.—Aby Belasco is dead. He died sometime in the spring of 1859.

BURLING SLIP.—There is no such institution in this city that we know or can learn of.

W. H. S., Baltimore.—Not at present. The lady's name will soon appear in our theatrical summary, doubtless.

SHERRY CORBYN, San Francisco.—Thank you. "All's well that ends well."

J. J. B.—There is no rule governing the question. We think it out of order, however.

PHIL CLARE, Brooklyn.—Thanks for *carte de visite*. It is a *striking* likeness.

ELM CITY.—The Union race track is a full mile of 1760 yards.

MONTGOMERY, Bloomfield.—We know nothing about him.

STAMWOOD, Cincinnati.—The same to you.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.—We have nothing fresh to communicate touching the sculling championship, although "Harlem's" recent communication in the CLIPPER appears to have created some stir among Hamill's friends in Pittsburgh. It is not probable that the summer will pass away without a first class match of some sort; but whether with Ward and Hamill, or Hamill and a fresh customer, it is not in our power to say. There is a disposition manifest to see Hamill in another trial, under circumstances equally advantageous to both men. It is said that Hamill had been in training for months previous to making the match to row Ward, last summer; whilst Ward, on the other hand, had undergone no regular training. "Condition will tell," and it was Hamill's splendid fix that assisted him so materially in carrying off the honors in the races on the Schuylkill. There's where Hamill showed caution. Ward, we opine, held his opponent too cheaply, and didn't think it necessary to do any extra work to perfect his physical condition. Hamill, on the other hand, knowing he would have a good man to pull against, felt it actually necessary to train in a thorough and systematic manner; so he went to work in earnest, and won in beautiful style when he met Ward on the Schuylkill. His condition enabled him to win with apparent ease, and Ward learned a lesson that day which it is to be hoped will prove useful to him hereafter. Hamill can only get the match he evidently seeks with the Britishers, by pulling on the Thames. It is not at all likely that any of the London scullers will come over here. There will doubtless be some big regattas the coming season, and some new man may turn up during their progress.

"THE SITUATION."—Just now, "the situation" appears to be in Virginia mud. Occasionally, we hear of a "sortie," and the "falling back" of the expedition, but "not without having accomplished the object of their mission." One day, our army is "preparing for a move;" the next, we hear that the report is "premature," the mud—or authorities at Washington—preventing an onward march. Again, we have the cheering intelligence that we have captured twenty-six of the enemy's steamers on the Yazoo river; we are allowed to enjoy this sweet morsel for several days, and then comes the truth in the shape of a denial of such capture. Notwithstanding the "invulnerability" of our monitors, gunboats, and iron-clads, every week brings in the sickening details of the capture or destruction of some one of our vessels, and damage done to others. There is no end to false reports. Some of the papers must employ men to originate "important and stirring news," while many of them keep a *corps* of reporters on hand to contradict these same yarns almost as fast as they are manufactured. And such is the situation, east and west, and a most pitiable one it is, too. Experimenting with new-made Generals is very costly, both in lives and treasure, and the people are becoming heartily sick of the manner in which our affairs are mismanaged.

M'CLELLAN AND HIS ASSAILANTS.

THE REWARD.

The persecutors of Gen. Geo. B. McClellan keep up their assaults on "Little Mac," and with increased bitterness and malignity. The "unseen hand" is beginning to show itself, and to grasp at the fruits of the warfare upon McClellan. The clique who head this dirty gang of assailants have already received a portion of their reward, in the shape of a monopoly which gives them the exclusive control of carrying newspapers from Acquia to our army at Falmouth, thereby compelling the poor soldier, who receives but thirteen dollars per month for his services, to pay double prices for news "from the loved ones at home." This was not the case when McClellan was in command; then, the interests of the private were looked after by the general in command, and no monopolists were allowed to rob them of their little pittance. But McClellan is not there to protect those war-scarred veterans of the Potomac, and his successor, by permitting the monopolists to carry out their pillaging schemes, makes the fact evident that he cares little or nothing for the welfare of the privates. The same clique are endeavoring to secure a sutlership monopoly—to make all sutlers subservient to them, and to compel them to procure their stores from the monopolists. Should this robbing scheme succeed, the soldier will have to pay even more than he pays at present for articles purchased from sutlers. Three generals—in favor with General Hooker—are said to be interested in this newspaper and sutler monopoly, dividing the profits with the clique from New York who do the dirty work. Let the soldiers protest against the monopoly swindle, and let Gen. Hooker purge himself of all connection with the business, by removing the officers complained of. No wonder the war is protracted—no wonder the army under "Fighting Joe Hooker" remains inactive—when our generals are associated with gamblers and tricksters in robbing the poor soldier of his earnings.

What has been accomplished since the removal of Gen. McClellan, after he had driven the rebels out of Maryland? Nothing but a terrible slaughter of our men at Fredericksburg—a slaughter which has not been equalled since this war commenced. A slaughter, to enable the administration to try the new commander they selected to take the place of McClellan. In that terrible "advance towards Richmond," our brave men obeyed orders, and boldly marched into the trap prepared for them. There was no McClellan there to protect them, or to save them from the fatal trap into which they were ordered by the commander who supplanted Little Mac. That was experiment No. 1. Then Burnside was removed—according to a programme previously laid out—and "Fighting Joe Hooker" took his place. And what has "Fighting Joe Hooker" done? Nothing but stick in the mud. When McClellan was prevented by the elements from advancing on Richmond, there was an outcry from the Radicals against his tardiness; he was denounced as slow, and unfit for the position he occupied. But now we find the choice of these radicals stuck in the mud at Falmouth, and they have nothing to urge against *his* tardiness, or unwillingness to advance. Our soldiers have not been sufficiently plucked yet by the monopolists and the generals near the throne. "Fighting Joe Hooker," so far, is a failure as a leader of a great army. Some of his subordinates know more about stealing from our own soldiers, than stealing upon the enemy, and we are indebted to such men, to contractors, and monopolists, for this unnecessary prolongation of the war, and the slaughter of our brave soldiers.

RACING AND TROTTING.—We hear that some little preparation is being made for the racing and trotting season of 1863, and it is thought that some very fast trotting matches will be announced for an early day. There is a great deal of competition among owners of fast trotting stock, this one claiming that his animal can show as low down in the twenties as the best on the turf; while another boasts that if *pushed*, he can even show a fraction *under* twenty. To decide such nice points, matches are made, money posted, and a good day and good track anxiously waited for. In this vicinity, there is no question that we have a score or two of "flyers," animals capable of showing extraordinary speed when put fairly and squarely to the test. Flora Temple still heads the list of fast timers, there being none, as yet, sufficiently fast to equal her two minutes, nineteen and three-quarters of a second, to the mile, which is the fastest time on record. Whether this can be surpassed, depends on other fleet ones. Should it be beaten, no doubt Flora will do a little better, for she can always be depended on for a trifle more speed when the occasion imperatively demands it. The Union track will have to be fixed up new this season, for the soldiers encamped there made sad havoc with everything in the shape of wood; the fence, etc., being used for fire wood. It will cost quite a smart sum of money to put the course in proper trim again.

We do not anticipate much in the way of racing. The party who got up the July meeting on Long Island last summer, has not yet recovered from the injurious effects of that *fiasco*, although he may endeavor to retrieve himself the coming season; but we cannot expect much from *him*; he has evidently had his day, and is now behind the age. With some men of reputation at the head of our running meetings, there might be a good chance of success; but as it is, the chances are against it. Confidence has been destroyed, and the public are slow to trust to promises a *second* time. We shall soon see, however, what the season may have in store for us, and learn who are to manage our races for the present year.

BRADY'S GYMNASIUM.—The soiree *en masque* complimentary to Mr. Abner S. Brady, given at his Gymnasium in St. Mark's place on Thursday evening March 19th, proved to be all that its originators designed it to be—a lively, gay, and festive assemblage, and an enjoyable, social re-union of the friends of the worthy proprietor. The rooms were well filled, and the dresses of the majority were very attractive—the majority of the costumes being more than usually great. Among those present we observed the handsome Barney Williams and his talented lady, quietly seated as "lookers-on in Vienna," and among the most noticeable of those *en masque*, we observed the beautiful Mrs. B——y, attired in the gayest costume in the crowd. One pretty girl assumed the character of a heroine in a novel named Rubie, and there were several beautiful peasant girls and Spanish ladies, and one charming Quakeress. In fact—it would be difficult to enumerate all of those whose beauty of person and attractive costume merit notice. Among the gents, the Irishman, by O'Neil, was the best taken of the characters. There was also a well made up Chinese, and a good Contraband. The band of the 7th Regt. was decidedly a feature of the entertainment, and the up stairs cold collation "wasn't bad to take"—at least so the hungry crowd thought that thronged the supper-room. The whole affair was a creditable success to all concerned.

SKATING.—This winter sport has not been much indulged in this season, for the best of reasons, that for the greater part of the time there has not been a sufficient thickness of ice. For the past week, however, "water in the lump" has been plenty, and many there are, from the "saucy little boy," to the belle of Fifth avenue, who have performed "perpendicularly, slantendicularly, horizontally, angularly, and circularly" thereon; some to their chagrin and discomfiture, and others to their great amusement and heart's content. The secret of this welcome cold snap is, we are officially informed, that Jack Frost went to Washington and applied to Uncle Abe for a contract to clear away the mud from Virginia; but Uncle didn't admire the plan proposed, and told Jack to "dry up;" so the old gentleman got huffy, returned to New York, and out of spite, done his drying up where he "hadn't orter." "And that's what's the matter."

WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.—The first fancy and citizens's dress ball of this organization, will be given at Sansom Street Hall, Philadelphia, on Friday evening, March 27th. We respectfully acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend.

A PLEASURE YACHT, formerly known as "La Creolla," of Philadelphia, was captured on the 27th ult., near the mouth of the Suance river, Florida, while attempting to run the blockade.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

JOE COBURN IN TRAINING AT McCOMB'S DAM.—MIKE McCOOLE UP FOR A BENEFIT.

This (Monday) evening another deposit of $100 a side has to be made good at Bob Smith's, the House of Commons, Houston street. There promises to be even a greater gathering than at the $230 staking on the 15th. In reference to that interesting ceremony, "Tom Quick" of the *Leader*, has the following:

"The company at Wilson's, among whom were Johnny Roche, Harry Hill, Peter Gallagher, Grant, Saxe, McCoy, Lazarus, and our noble selves, with the rest of the outsiders, were invited to a retiring room to witness the signing of the articles and the putting up of greenbacks to make each man good for two hundred and fifty a side. As far as matters had gone, a little matter on the part of Mr. Johnny Roche, who made opposition to the reading of the articles as called for by the Alderman and Mr. Lazarus, being the usual practice, did not please us and wants explanation. The articles, after being signed by Mr. Coburn, were twisted and twirled into Ned James's pocket without any respect to anybody. Now we don't knew why this was, and we are not going to be satisfied, that its a square thing until we can read these 'articles,' so that we can tell the public everything is O. K. If anybody's name is in these papers, who don't want the fact known, why say so; we won't blab for the world; but we don't like the hocus pocus operations of Mr. Roche. We were there as a seeker after knowledge under difficulties, and won't go down tail without resistance."

Now that everything is lovely for a grand passage-at-arms, at the request of numerous applicants, and to show that all is on the square, we reproduce a copy of the aforesaid "articles," the original of which are in our possession. The articles referred to above were not the originals, but a copy furnished to Mr. Hill by and with the consent of both parties. If they contain any flaw that either party is desirous of taking any advantage of, the public will have a chance to see for themselves, but we believe they would scorn such a contemptible subterfuge. Read them over again:

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into this second day of February, 1863, between —— McCoole and Joseph Coburn. The said McCoole agrees to fight the said Joseph Coburn, a fair stand-up fight, according to the rules of the British P. B. A., by which the said Joseph Coburn and —— McCoole hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said fight shall be for the sum of One Thousand Dollars a side, and shall take place on the first Tuesday in May, the 5th of said month, 1863. In pursuance of the agreement, Twenty Dollars a side are now deposited in the hands of ——, who shall be stakeholder, who shall also be final stakeholder. The second deposit of Two Hundred and Thirty Dollars a side shall be made at Ed. Wilson's, Weehawken, on Sunday, the 15th day of March. The third deposit of One Hundred Dollars to be made at Robert Smith's, 25 West Houston street, on Monday, the 23d day of March. The fourth deposit of One Hundred Dollars to be made at Izzy Lazarus's, 223 Centre street, on Monday, the 30th day of March. The fifth deposit of One Hundred Dollars, to be made at Pete Gallagher's, St. Nicholas Bowling Saloon, 535 Broadway, on Monday, the 6th day of April. The sixth deposit of One Hundred Dollars to be made at Tom McCoy's, the White House, Grand street, on Monday, the 13th day of April. The seventh deposit of One Hundred Dollars to be made at William Clarke's, corner of Houston and Crosby streets, on Monday, the 20th day of April. The final and last deposit of One Hundred and Fifty Dollars to be made at Harry Hill's, No. 26 East Houston street, on Monday, the 27th day of April, when the backers of the respective men will meet to agree on the place of fighting. All deposits shall be transmitted to the final stakeholder. The said deposits shall be made between the hours of 8 o'clock, A. M., and 10 o'clock, P. M., or such other hours as may be agreed upon, or the party failing shall forfeit the money deposited. The men shall be in the ring between the hours of 12 o'clock, M., and 2 o'clock, P. M., or the man absent shall forfeit the battle money. That in the event of magisterial interference, the umpires and referee shall decide the next time and place of meeting, if possible on the same day, or the duty may be assigned to the stakeholder. The expenses of the ropes and stakes shall be borne mutually, share and share alike, or by the winner, as may be agreed upon. The stakes not to be given up, unless by mutual consent, till fairly won or lost by a fight.

In pursuance of the above agreement, we hereunto attach our names. JOSEPH COBURN.

On the part of McCoole, HARRY HILL.

Witnesses, PETE GALLAGHER, ED. JAMES.

The seventh deposit is to be made at the house of Mr. Robert Foster, the National Hotel, between 35th and 36th streets and Third Avenue, in place of Bill Clarke's—otherwise the document remains the same.

Joe Coburn commenced his exercises last Monday, and has for his mentor Hen Winkle, a most excellent man for the business. They are domiciled at Mark Maguire's, the Cayuga House McComb's Dam, where Roche and Mike Norton put up when they were preparing for the fights which didn't come off. For the last fortnight or so, the aid of the veteran Tom Chaffers is to be called in to put on the finishing touch to Master Joseph, so that nothing will be left undone to have him in the finest possible condition. Joe takes to his work very readily, and already begins to look quite blooming.

We did not go to see Mike McCoole at the Getty House, Yonkers, like our "amiable neighbors" of the Sunday Blow-Hard, simply because Mr. McCoole has never been there at all! McCoole was in the city on Thursday evening, and attended Mr. Sam Davis's benefit at the Winter Garden; he stayed also on Friday, but went away again Saturday. He, too, is working hard to get himself in proper fix. As yet, no special trainer has been appointed, although several names were mentioned in this connection, and among them Dan Kerrigan. One thing is certain, Mr. McCoole will not train anywhere near this city, and we shouldn't wonder if he never sees Mr. Coburn till the day of the fight. After his benefit on Wednesday evening, referred to in another column, McCoole will go direct West, so all who wish to see him must not miss the only chance. Several "hasty" guesses have been made as to who the "professional boxer" will turn out to be that winds upon that evening, but none hit on the right one. We shall note the various opinions on the Western Champion on his first appearance in our city on the 25th.

The next deposit of $100 a side is due at Izzy Lazarus's, 223 Centre street, on Monday, the 30th.

P. S.—Since writing the above, we learn that Mr. McCoole will immediately leave for Cincinnati after his benefit, and go into strict training under the guidance of Mr. Saunders, of Cincinnati, and Dan Kerrigan, of this city.

THEATRICAL COSTUME.

AS IT WAS, AS IT IS.

Among the many things which will impress the mind of the person who has been a visitor to the theatres for a long term of years, we may count the difference in the costumes of the players, as shown in what they *were* and what they *are*.

There was a period which we can recollect, when, taking what is called elegant comedy for an example, it was evidently the idea of both actors and managers, that the dresses of the eighteenth century would do for the older characters, those of the nineteenth for the younger. Sir Peter Teazle and Sir Oliver Surface must show in broad-skirted coats, brocaded vests, and three-cornered hats; Mrs. Candor and Lady Sneerwell in hoops; but woe befall the actor who showed as Charles Surface otherwise than as a young gentleman of the prevailing mode; the same with the actress personating Maria, who did not don the usual dress of white muslin and broad ribbon. With the characters of middle age, a harmonizing rule was observed. Joseph Surface, many years older than his volatile brother, would appear in a questionable suit—half old fashioned and half new fashioned; and the same with Sir Benjamin Backbite and others.

This style of dressing the characters of elegant comedy was general throughout its entire representation. In what are called dress plays, (that is, plays of older date) it was the custom to array all the gentlemen in slashed suits, or tunics, embroidered or plain, in material, of velvet, silk, satin, cloth, or homely stuff. Tights, also, of different hues and fabrics, were universal to the *dramatis personæ*; ditto, short, round caps, befeathered or plain; and no man dared to come upon the stage in those pieces, without russet boots or shoes, or black or red (the latter preferred) sandals on his feet.

A regulation equally stern governed the ladies. Mrs. Sables might be an exceedingly clever woman, but she must not play Lady Constance or Belvidera otherwise than in a black velvet dress, ornamented with gilt spangles or bugles. Miss Bloomley, who was the Cora and Juliet of the concern, was also a gifted creature, but yet, if she did not show in the above parts in white habits with silver ornaments, the worse would it be for her. As old play-goers will recollect, there were two costumes which were eminently popular—a dark colored tunic with tarnished fixings, for the "virtuous father" and the "indignant uncle;" and a white muslin dress, fairly weighed down by silver spangles, for the heroine of tragedy, between the Constances and the Juliets.

So much for what theatrical costume *was*; a little about what it *is*:

In our days, there has been some approximation to regularity and order. If our Sir Peter Teazle shows in a sky blue or salmon colored suit, such as gentlemen wore in England, in the days of George the Second, so do Charles and Joseph Surface, Sir Benjamin Backbite, and the rest, appear in correct guise; and the hoop common in Mrs. Candor and Lady Sneerwell is also a fixture of the lively Maria's. Again: if it is the play where slashed suits and tunics were once the rule, we see a greater modification of the same; ditto as regards caps, boots, sandals, and tights.

There is a double advantage gained here. First, the costumes in a play are faithful to the supposed date; secondly, they harmonize with one another.

With respect to associating fixings of the stage, we can give a record equally gratifying. In scenery and upholstery we have made great advances; and these we feel pleased in welcoming, as the necessary aids of the scene:—that is, if we have good acting along with them. But if we have not, and good acting is only to be acquired by a return to the old incorrectness of dress and other details, why, let us accept that return, even if we have a first rate Belvidere or Lady Constance who declaims in black velvet and bugles or gilt spangles, and a Cora or Juliet, who visits the Temple of the Sun, or lovingly calls on Romeo, in a petticoat of light material and silver ornamentation. Let the acting be the chief aim; and then throw in the "properties" as much as you like.

THE BRITISH PRIZE RING CHAMPIONSHIP.—The Unknown, according to the latest news from England, still remains unheralded and unknown, but they are beating a down east Yankee out and out in guessing. After beating the bush all round, and not being satisfied as to the identity of the Unknown, they have now selected another American to impersonate the myth for a time, who is none other than Ned Price, the conqueror of Australian Kelly, and odds of three to one were offered in betting circles to that effect. Our foreign friends are "all abroad," evidently, and so anxious to bet that they get on at any price. Cease your admiration for awhile, until we a tale unfold, and as we undo the first "kink," listen! Price is not the man. "No more at present from yours," etc.

A MESS OF TRASH.—In speaking of McCoole's movements, the Sunday Blow-Hard has the greatest lot of trash that ever appeared in any paper. The dailies are bad enough, but this shyster sporting concern, for humbug and falsification, leads them all. Their reporter "made a flying visit to Yonkers on Saturday, and saw McCoole!" That's pretty good considering that McCoole hadn't even been there. According to this same "authority" (heaven save the mark!) McCool is 6 feet 4 inches, weighs 222 lbs. stripped, and puts up a 232 lb. dumb bell with perfect ease! Again, the Blow Hard has the exclusive intelligence that "Joe Winrow (now in California) is training McCoole at the Getty House, Yonkers!" All this the reporter saw with his own eyes—"he's been there!" If this can be equalled for the inventions of one weak in the upper story, we'd like to see it, that's all. This paper is going to be "duly notified of all McCoole's movements during his training, and is determined to give its readers the first account of the battle." They should have added "before it comes off" to make the yarn complete. This is a fair specimen of the dirty sheet trying to buck against the CLIPPER. How *are* you, Letter Box?

HAMILL AND WARD.

AMERICAN SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

A few weeks since, we published a communication signed "Harlem," the object being to show that in the races last summer, between Hamill and Ward, the advantages were all in favor of Hamill, etc. This week we have a reply, which we give, as below, entire:

EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* In your paper of the 14th inst. I see a communication signed "Harlem," which contains some ridiculous and unfounded statements, and in which he does great injustice to our Champion sculler, James Hamill. As a Pittsburgher, and a lover of fair play, I feel bound to reply to them. I do not wish to accuse "Harlem" of wilfully falsifying, but some of his arguments will need an explanation before they can be looked on as true. After expressing his surprise at New York for letting Hamill's challenge to all England to go by unnoticed, he asks "if she is going to deliver the Championship of the world to an interior town, and to a comparatively obscure man, hero and victor of scarcely half a dozen contests?" If Hamill is a comparatively "obscure man," how does "Harlem" know he is "the hero and victor of only half a dozen contests?" If, on the other hand, Hamill is not an "obscure man," then "Harlem" must intentionally want to deceive when he says so. As to Pittsburgh being an "interior town," when it is considered that Newburg, the home of your long-boasted Champion, is but a small village on the Hudson, only goes to show how ridiculous a statement he is capable of producing. For the information of "Harlem," and New Yorkers generally, I will here give the number of Hamill's races. He has been the hero of seven scull races, *and the victor of them all.* In all, he has rowed fifteen races, losing but three out of that number. If I had time, I could give reasons which would prove that he did not get beat in either of these three races on his merits, but principally in the inferiority of his boats, and accidents. For an "obscure man," this is a very favorable record, and I doubt if any man in the Empire State can equal it. As to Hamill's practicing nine months before the race with Ward, and it being premeditated on his part, I will not contradict, as I do not know. But, supposing it to be true, was Ward obliged to accept Hamill's challenge to row him on the day named? If so, then I will admit that Ward rowed under a disadvantage. But Ward *was not* compelled to do this; therefore, I say that Ward was in good condition. There is one thing certain about it—if Ward *was not* in good condition on that day, we will undoubtedly have another trial of skill between them; if he *was* in good condition, he never need think of rowing Hamill again, for he would not have the ghost of a chance of success. "Harlem" says that Ward was allowed no more than two weeks to practice in. If I am not mistaken, it was nearer four than two weeks. I ask "Harlem" if Ward did not practice for the Fourth of July Regatta on the Harlem, I believe, in which he beat Stevens, of Poughkeepsie, the "soapman," and another first-class oarsman, with the greatest ease? It seems to me he would require a little practice, and, no doubt, he had a little, to do this. Again, he says that he believed he was the only New Yorker at Philadelphia, that had as much money when he returned as when he started. He must have either cut his board bill or bet on Hamill. Which did he do? As to the Pittsburgh party knowing they had the New York party on the "hip" in regard to Ward's condition, and that was the reason they bet their money so freely, is all bosh. They knew nothing whatever of his condition; if they did, they knew it was good. So much for "Harlem's" communication. Will the Commodore bear him out, or any of his arguments?

Now, as I have never seen any remarks (outside the editorial columns of the CLIPPER) on Ward's races previous to his meetings at Philadelphia, I will take the liberty of giving my views, which will go to show why he maintained the Championship as long as he did. If any one disputes what I say, I will refer them to Stephen Roberts, of your city, for he believes as I do on this point—that Josh is not the best oarsman in your State. My reasons for believing as I do are as follows: Ward is a man of very regular and temperate habits as regards eating and drinking, and is not addicted to the evils and fascinations of the world, which sporting men generally are. On the other hand, his opponents were men of irregular habits, and given to all the evils of the world. It would take at least four months to get such men in as good condition as Ward could get himself in two weeks, and fifty or sixty dollars would not justify either of these men to practice that length of time. These advantages in his favor have always enabled him to prove the winner. "Harlem," or any other man, cannot point me to one single race in which Ward took the lead on the start; for his opponents invariably took the lead and held it until their bad condition would commence to tell, when they would have to resign their position to superior condition, not to superior skill. But at last he met a man equally temperate in his habits, and a man that has always taken the best of care of himself. Is it necessary to tell the result here? I think not.

I hope, however, "Harlem's" proposition will be taken up by New Yorkers, and that a race between these Knights of the Oar will be the result, as I am certain Hamill will not deny him an opportunity to retrieve his lost laurels; but, instead of their meeting coming off at Boston, I propose to have it come off at Philadelphia, on the Schuylkill, where both parties can be well represented, and where they could get on with all the money they wished to invest. At Boston this could not be the case, as Pittsburghers would consider the trip too distant. By all means let us have another race, for it is too mortifying for the great metropolis to have to play second to Pittsburgh any longer. Do you think, by having the race rowed over again, she could better her "posish?" Try it, anyhow. Come on, Macduff. It might be as it was at Philadelphia—New Yorkers would be the first to cry, hold! we have got too much. Yours, &c., SPORT.

Pittsburgh, March 20, 1863.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for Yankee Robinson, H. Tenney, James Gayner, (of Rumsey's Minstrels,) J. Edwin Irving, Mr. Meyer, (Basso) Madame Anna Bishop; M'lle. Frank O'Harra, and Miss Minnie Rivers, Carter Zouave Troupe.

CITY SUMMARY.

TO THE PROFESSION.

☞ The CLIPPER is the great organ of the dramatic and show profession, and our desire is and ever has been to make this department not only useful to the profession, but interesting to the general reader. Through the medium of our little sheet, therefore, the profession can learn the whereabouts and business of each other. Drop us a playbill, a newspaper, a line or two of the movements of yourselves and those associated with you, so that they may reach us by Saturday, or Monday, at the latest, and the items furnished will appear in that week's issue of the CLIPPER, which is forwarded to agents throughout the country early on Tuesday morning of each week. We charge nothing for recording the movements of our friends, neither do we ask or seek favors of any kind for so doing. We wish to continue the CLIPPER as a reliable organ for the benefit of the profession, and thereby extend the sphere of its usefulness.

MONDAY, March 23, '63.

Although not equal to what it has been this season, still business continues remarkably good; and this, too, in the middle of Lent, when many patrons of the drama will not visit a place of amusement under any consideration. "St. Patrick's day in the morning" brought immense crowds to all places in the evening; nearly every theatre, minstrel, and music hall being crowded to their greatest capacity—the east side houses, especially, which served up entertainments suited to the occasion, being jammed; and it is at those houses you are sure to find novelty in abundance; the managers never tire their patrons with one piece; they often produce two new dramas on the same evening, and before they have run their course, others are in readiness. The Bowery side is unlike Broadway in this respect. In the theatres on the latter thoroughfare, a really good spectacle or drama will run for weeks in succession; in fact, two or three pieces have been known to last a whole season. In the Bowery, no matter how meritorious the play, no matter how cleverly the performers may act their respective parts, a week, or two at the farthest, is about the extent of a run; so that the managers are kept constantly on the lookout for fresh attractions, while the performers work night and day, studying new parts, rehearsing, and performing. Managers and people have alike a difficult task before them, the former to originate, the latter to illustrate. On Broadway, too, the theatres are out between 10 and 11 o'clock, and the companies have a chance for an hour or two of social enjoyment with their friends. Not so on the east side. Seldom are the performances over in that section, before 12 o'clock; very often they extend to 1 o'clock, and occasionally still later. We have known instances where the curtain has not descended on the closing scene of an evening's performance *until 3 o'clock in the morning*. It will thus be seen that the east side actor has an immense amount of labor to perform, labor which would be likely to give the Broadway performers a "severe spell of indisposition." The difference is this:—in Broadway, the *habitues* prefer quality to quantity; in the Bowery, *vice versa*.

A turn-up took place last week between Laura Keene and two of her people, viz.: Messrs. Raymond and Lennox. Cards have passed between the hostile parties, but as yet nothing but ink has been shed. It seems that Laura gave notice, on the 14th, to the gentlemen above named, that their services would no longer be required, or rather, that the season would terminate that night; whereupon, Messrs. Raymond and Lennox place their grievances before the public, claiming that they were engaged for the season, which, it was understood, would continue until June or July. They say that they have fulfilled the conditions of the bond, except that they refused to perform on New Year's afternoon. Laura charges that they violated their compact by not performing on that day, and charges them with trying to injure her and her interests. We have read the cards of both parties, and we have come to the conclusion that Laura has the worst side. The gentlemen erred in not performing on the afternoon stated, and Laura would have been justified in discharging them at once, as their contract called for their attendance at afternoon entertainments whenever required, but she retained them in her employ, thereby overlooking any fault they may have committed. She retained them for more than two months after the commission of the fault attributed to them; and this, we think, will bar the chances of her success should the parties sue her for their salaries for the remainder of the season. She had no right to discharge them as she did, before the season has terminated. A few years ago, one of our Broadway managers was sued by a member of his company whom he discharged in the middle of the season. The Court allowed the actor the full amount of his salary for the remainder of the season. Witnesses were called to prove the length of a season as understood among the profession, and the manager was shown to be in the wrong. It would be very unjust to the performer if the manager had the privilege of terminating a season whenever *he* pleased. People engage with the understanding that a season commences early in the fall, and runs into the early summer months, making about nine months in all. Now, if a performer is thrown out of an engagement in the middle of a season, the chances are against his getting employment before the opening of the next campaign, and this is the case with Raymond and Lennox; and it is probable that they will present themselves for duty at Laura Keene's theatre, as usual, and that if they are denied admittance they will at once commence an action for salary, and the Court, without doubt, will award it.

Our menageric friends will leave us after this week, and it may be a long time before an opportunity is offered to see their like again. The wonderful performing elephants make an exhibition truly marvellous, for it would seem almost impossible that such huge animals could perform such astonishing feats as they do. Drop in and see the show this week, before it closes.

African colonization is a question that has for a long time past puzzled the heads of legislators, senators, presidents, kings, princes, nobles, members of parliament, Philadelphia lawyers, and all the wise men of the east; and yet "what shall I do with it?" is still asked. Tired of the "nigger on the fence," the CLIPPER comes to the rescue, and "solutes" the knotty point, by announcing that Mr. Thos. Barber, with commendable enterprise, has selected twelve real, genuine, unadulterated contraband negroes, those who have their bump of music and fun largely developed, and organized them into a minstrel company, called "The Great Southern Contraband Troupe," with whom, in a week or two at most, he intends braving the roaring billows of the Atlantic, and making a tour of Europe. The idea is novel, and perchance there's money in it. If so, we'll send all the negroes off to Europe, when maybe they wont be so ready to poke fun at Uncle Sam on the subject. By reference to Mr. Barber's advertisement, it will be seen that these colored minstrels all hail from "way down south, in Dixie," so that they ought to be well able to give lifelike representations of plantation life, and "sing the songs their fathers sang in auld lang syne." This company will have an advantage over their "white brudders," on the score of economy, inasmuch as they wont have to cork up, although they may go to Cork, for, like other hardware, cork has riz Let us hope that the enterprise may succeed, and that European specie may flow copiously into the safes of the twelve sable apostles of amusements, and those under whose management and direction they are.

A first-class dramatist is wanted, one who thoroughly understands French and German. Apply as directed in advertisement in this issue.

Another ram has been added to our amusement iron-clads, and it is called the—we must spell it. P-o-l pol, o-p op, pol-op, t-i ti, pol-op-ti, c-o co, pol-op-ti-co, m-o mo, pol-op-ti-co-mo, r-a-m ram, pol-op-ti-co-mo-ram, a; Pol-op-ti-co-mo-ram-a. There; that's what they call it. It is soon to be launched in this city, and is intended for operations in the west. Managers of theatres will please make a note of Messrs. Clapp & Co's advertisement in this issue.

"The New Idea." This is the singular title, as our readers have been previously informed, bestowed upon Wallack's old Theatre on Broadway, which was re-opened to the public on the 16th inst., by Chamberlain & Co., with Messrs. Fox and Curran as business managers, with the "new idea" of "giving the public three times the value of their money" in "legitimate entertainments." "That's the idea," to suit the masses who favor light, varied, and cheap amusements, as every evening since the opening, the place has been crowded, ladies being largely represented. We were not present at the opening, but visited the house a few evenings since, and witnessed the inaugural performance which has been given every night. To afford an idea of the genteel order of entertainments offered at "The New Idea," we give a condensed report of the same, hoping that seekers after amusement in the city will favor the idea of supporting this new enterprise. First came an overture (Child of the Regt.), orchestra, some twenty pieces, including a piano, David Braham wielding the baton. Music splendid. Then followed the "New Idea Minstrels," consisting of some seven or eight performers, among them J. K. Campbell, P. Berger, T. B. Bishop, W. A. Wray, and J. Stewart. At another time we may possibly speak of these gentlemen as their merits deserve. In part second, we had a terpsichorean affair, in which M'lle Helene, Adele Calla, Frances Nixon, Millie Theodore, danseuses, and a splendid corps de ballet. Banjo exercises, with imitations, by W. A. Wray, followed, with "Ham Fat" by J. K. Campbell, sandwiched with the song of "McGregor's Gathering," by Miss Allinson, who was encored. Then came a medley dance by Miss Nixon, and more nigger, followed with a Highland fling by M'lle Theodore, which was burlesqued by W. A. Wray. "Nigger on the Fence," with banjo solo by W. Herman and Campbell, was executed very nicely. The Protean sheet of paper, by W. A. Wray, elicited considerable applause and wonder. The ballet and pantomime of "La Maja De Seville" was next in order, after which Miss Allinson appeared and warbled the patriotic song, "When this Cruel War is Over." To hear this beautiful songstress in the ballad named, is alone worth a visit. The Plantation Festival, "High Daddy," terminated the performances, the audience finding themselves on the sidewalk at ten o'clock, "homeward bound." Much amusement in a short space of time, seems to be the actuating idea of the management, and we think it a good one, providing always, that the programme offered is ably sustained. So far, except in some minor particulars, consequent, no doubt, upon the fact that "der masheen" is not yet in good running order, it has been so, and the audiences have been pleased, and with proper care and energy, "The New Idea" will prove a good idea.

Miss Adah I. Menken has had her written play of "White Eagle, or the Prairie Steed," copyrighted in the U. S. District Court of this city.

On Saturday, March 21st, Laura Keene closed the first week of her farewell season at her theatre in Broadway, the performance on the occasion being that beautiful and popular drama "Rachel the Reaper," in which Miss Keene so effectually takes the character of the heroine, and Chas. Wheatleigh that of the principal male character of the play, Corporal Patrick. Of course the house was well filled, and the excellence of the acting throughout merited a crowded house, for seldom has the piece been better presented, even by the same performers, than it was on this occasion. Miss Keene imparted more than her usual life and vigor to the part of Rachel, her natural rendition of the character being deeply affecting to the sympathies of her auditors. Wheatleigh as the toil-worn veteran of the Wellington campaign, was truly admirable. We never see this piece of acting without forgetting that he is not actually the aged warrior he seems to be, so true to nature is his every word and action throughout the play. He has made the character one entirely his own, and he has no living equal in the part. Daly's personation of Robert Hawthorn was a very good one, but the next best piece of acting to that of the two principal characters, was that of Levick as Dick Hickman. It was a creditable effort throughout. Miss Burke took the part of the widow Mayfield, and did it well too. The time previous that we saw this play, the lamented Miss Emma Taylor assumed the character, and we were painfully reminded of her absence and the cause of it, by the performance on this occasion. The other characters were well performed, and in fact, the play was well placed upon the stage, especially considering that it was one of a series of farewell performances, at which time carelessness is apt to rule.

There was a sort of patch-work at the Winter Garden last week, the three first evenings being allotted to Miss Mary Provost, who closed her engagement on the 18th. On the 19th, Mr. S. Davis had a night, and on the 20th, Messrs. Lennox and Raymond, Laura Keene's belligerents, put their names up for a benefit, for which occasion Mrs. John Wood kindly volunteered. Mr. Dan Setchell also appeared on the 18th, 19th, and 20th, and made a very favorable impression.

Wallack's Theatre continues to be liberally supported, although it is necessary now and then to give two pieces the same evening to keep up the business. In reproducing old and standard comedies, Mr. Wallack "struck ile," beyond a doubt. Occasional benefits vary the programmes, and all who go in for a night are pretty sure to be well rewarded.

Mr Joseph Proctor remains at the Old Bowery. Thus far his engagement has been profitable to manager and star.

The opera was in the fog last week. On the 16th "Norma" was on the bills, but Medori became "indisposed," and there being no one handy in the house to take her place, no performance was given,, to the great loss of the manager, whose box sheet exhibited signs of a monster audience. "Un Ballo," the "Traviata" and "Favorita" were given with Medori left out, and Guerrabella counted in. Medori may try it on again this week.

The Bryants are on the high road to fortune and a brown stone on avenue V, their hall being crowded every night.

The "Enchantress renewed its last season's success at Niblo's, during the past week, the houses having been quite large, and certainly very enthusiastic over the brilliant vocalization of Miss Caroline Richings, who has established herself as a great favorite in New York. The "Enchantress" is always welcome here, and the metropolis will never fail to honor her demand at sight. The spectacle will be repeated during the present week. The engagement of Mr. and Miss Richings will soon close. They go next to Boston.

A very profane professional gentleman, a friend of ours, who seems to have been stuck with a bad bill, was recently provoked into the perpetration of the following conundrum:—"Why is this bill like a very little river? Because it isn't worth a dam."

Mr. Wood very wisely withdrew the play of "Grand Dad Joe," after its ninth representation. Mr. W. gave it a very fair trial, placed it handsomely upon the stage, and advertised it thoroughly; but it failed to satisfy the wants of the patrons of his hall, and he at once returned to the old style of minstrelsy, which never fails to attract large and delighted audiences. Mr. Wood is ever on the alert for novelties, and some of his productions have had remarkable runs. This week, an unusually strong bill of attractions is offered, and the beautiful hall opposite the St. Nicholas will be in a blaze of glory.

This evening, March 23d, Miss Lucille Western commences an engagement at the Winter Garden, and if the subordinate characters are rendered in keeping with the characterization of Lady Isabel by Miss Western, there can be no question as to the success of the absorbing drama of "East Lynne," which has been performed in Philadelphia to the largest audiences ever assembled in a theatre in that city. Had it not been for engagements previously entered into, Miss Western could have continued her success in Philadelphia for weeks to come. East Lynne, as given by Miss Western, is different from Miss Heron's version, and better adapted to please *all* classes. The book is more closely followed out than in Miss Heron's play, and some of the situations are intensely thrilling and natural. Altogether, it is one of the most affecting dramas ever presented to the public, and can scarcely fail to have a most successful run.

We never saw such a house as the American Theatre had last Saturday night. There wasn't even standing room, much less a place to sit down; they were jammed in so close that even Calvin Edson, the skeleton, couldn't have worked his way to an eligible position. Up stairs and down—there they were, hanging on almost by their teeth, and straining every nerve to get a sight at the performance. It was no place for little fellows like us. What do you think of fifteen hundred tickets being sold to the gallery alone? Well, that was the number at ten o'clock, and how many more the gentlemanly ticket man sold after that we can give no idea. There's an important secret about 444 that Mr. Robert Butler and Mons. La Thorne are the possessors of, that makes this one of the greatest houses in America. It is the continual scene of novelty presented. No waits, no bungling; Mons. La Thorne's little whistle regulates the performers like a vast machine. The fiddlers and handlers of brazen instruments are never caught tuning up—no time for that; but presto! change! and one act follows the other as regular as the clock. Acting, posturing, singing, and dancing, are all so nicely arranged—not too much of anything—that before the one has had time to get out of "the mind's eve," another follows with the speed of a locomotive. Mr. Chas. E. Collins, as the Female Cure, is still the great feature. Mr. T. L. Donnelly has now got completely in the good graces of the "gods." The Delevanti Brothers perform new tricks every night. Messrs. Charley White, Bob Hart, Jim Wambold, T. G. Riggs, Charley Gardner, Geo. Warren, and Master Tommy, all do their best to outshine each other. The Misses Frances Le Roy, Augusta Walby, Millie Flora, Mary Blake, Fannie May, Kitty Lee, and the renowned Schultze Sisters look prettier the oftener you see them, and Paul Brillant's ballet troupe are better than ever. Miss Fanny Forrest's singing is too well known and appreciated for any comment whatever, and all goes off as "merry as a marriage bell." M'lle Bertha, the accomplished danseuse, was to appear on the 23d inst.

Miss Adah Isaacs Menken, having terminated her highly successful ten weeks engagement at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, is now in town, and will remain a few days, previous to commencing at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, on the 30th.

John Barry, the somersault rider, is in town. He thinks of traveling in the States this season, and will probably join his brother, Frank Barry, in Europe, the coming fall.

Col. T. Allston Brown has returned to the city after a trip through the West, and is prepared to negotiate with Managers for the coming summer season. Col. Brown is desirous to travel with a Circus Company, as "layer out," or as Treasurer. Has filled the above positions before, and understands the business thoroughly. Managers wishing to engage a reliable, hard working Agent, can address him at this office.

"The Phantom" is the latest sensation at the New Bowery. The company at this house are always popular, and possibly no theatre in the city does a more steady business than this one. George C. Boniface, the handsome young tragedian, enacts the Phantom; Mr. J. W. Lingard, Doctor Keese; E. Brookes, Davy; and Mrs. W. G. Jones, Lucy Peveryl and Ada Raby. Mrs. W. G. Jones has a benefit here on Tuesday, the 24th, when a very attractive bill will be presented. Give the little lady a bumper.

DRAMATIC.

The reign of mud seems to be supreme everywhere, not only on the Rappahannock, but clear up to the gates of the capitol. In truth, king mud seems to have instituted a reign of terror throughout all "this vast domain;" and so thinks our Washington correspondent, who, writing on the 19th, talks in the following strain:—"Washington, as usual, presents a mass of everything antagonistic to cleanliness, godliness and decorum. The Provost Marshal, to be sure, exercises stringently his functions in preserving order, but it appears that his force is not equal to the task. Mud is the order of the day, streets, sidewalks, residences, in-door and out-door, nothing but mud. It is a crying shame that the streets and avenues of the capital are thus neglected. The corporation assume it to be the duty of Congress, and Congress that of the city authorities to preserve the cleanliness of the city, and thus we are left in Washington with the filthiest city in America, a second Naples, a disgrace to the country. Amusements are as well patronized as ever. The combination of Davenport and Wallack, assisted by Misses Mestayer and Parker and Messrs. Charles Barron and J. E. Whiting are performing at Grover's Theatre to the largest audiences ever known in this city. On Monday the house was so crowded that many were unable to gain admission who worked to do so. On Wednesday, the play was "Hamlet," Davenport as Hamlet, and Wallack as the Ghost, and the receipts on this night are known to have been very nearly $850. At the Washington Theatre the houses have been mediocre, with Matilda Heron as "Camille" and "Medea," but very good considering the standard unpopularity of the establishment. Many readers, especially those who have been here, or those who are interested in its public institutions would naturally inquire: Has the floating population decreased since the adjournment of Congress? To this permit me to say that there is no visible difference, except in the immediate vicinity of the halls of legislation. The innumerable "gin mills" have their doors as densely blocked as ever with loungers, the lovers of the elegant game of billiards continue to be so numerous as to occupy constantly the thousand and one tables of hotels and elsewhere, while the theatres are crowded just as densely as of old—at Grover's the audiences equalling in numbers those of the famous Barney Williams engagement when Congress was in session. The railroads too [illegible] usual [illegible] and the [illegible] that [illegible] The [illegible] Uni[illegible] Wil[illegible] Mrs. [illegible] Miss [illegible] cour[illegible] Th[illegible] The[illegible] W. C[illegible] othe[illegible] as a[illegible] first [illegible] "Far[illegible] scen[illegible] a m[illegible] bloo[illegible] a rov[illegible] the a[illegible] spen[illegible] "do[illegible] few [illegible] stag[illegible] tire[illegible] be a[illegible] satis[illegible] brea[illegible] To t[illegible] bot[illegible] ag[illegible] ed[illegible] ss[illegible] b[illegible] r[illegible] J. pe So be H sh m sl lw lw nk a w w d h n A tl a tl a w e M ha h Ro t St O' t fou I ca lead sum attri gage *sonb* and the the insti a pa Hall the Hall failed his g open Lion than first and Mi ment Stage the L up th the I are p her r Mi Woo Rank Flor[illegible]

Wood's Louisville Theatre opened on the 16th with the Seven Sisters. Lotty Hough is the Tartarine.

Fuller produced the Seven Sisters at his Louisville Theatre three nights in advance of Wood. Mr. M. W. Fisk and Miss Annie E. Dillingham made their *debut* as Mrs. Pluto and Tartarine.

Died in the city of Memphis, Tenn., on the 3d ult., at the residence of her grandmother, Mrs. Dyke, Miss Lottie Leroy, eldest daughter of J. H. Leroy, now, or formerly, agent for Madame Duret. The deceased was a most interesting girl, just entering her fifteenth year, and a very promising young actress. May the flowers bloom sweetly over the grave of the youthful dead!

Mr. Neafie, the American tragedian, whose successful tour in Europe has for the past year been followed with similar results at home, put in a week at the Metropolitan, Indianapolis, Ind., from the 9th to the 14th. On the 13th, the occasion of Mr. Neafie's benefit, "The Advocate" and "Don Cæsar de Bazan" were given, with that old (speaking figuratively—we meant to say, young) New York favorite, the piquant and captivating Miss Marion Macarthy, of Burton's and Laura Keene's as Maritana. On his last night, the curtain was to rise at 7½ P. M. to enable Mr. Neafie to leave on the 10.10 train for Chicago, which was figuring it down pretty close. The show commenced with "Damon and Pythias" and ended with "An Object of Interest," Marion Macarthy as Fanny Gribbles and Felix A. Vincent as Barney O'Dwyer.

Mrs. Waller has been the star at the St. Louis Theatre since the 9th inst., on which evening she appeared as Lady Macbeth. Mr. Waller was the Macbeth during the four first acts, but, according to our correspondent "Copernicus," he was unable to go on with the part in the fifth act, owing to indisposition, and Mr. Connor, who was the Macduff of the evening, had to finish the part of Macbeth for Mr. Waller, while Mr. Krone sustained the character of Macduff. During the first week, the plays given were Macbeth, Othello, The Stranger, Sybil, Hamlet, Kate O'Brien, and Lucrezia Borgia. On the 16th, she opened her second week with Geneva, the Fortune Teller. Mr. T. L. Connor has been the principal support of Mrs. Waller during her engagement, owing to the illness of Mr. Waller, who has been unable to appear since the opening night.

Madame Marguerite's dramatization of "Aurora Floyd" was given for the first time, on the 17th, at the Arch, Philadelphia, and repeated on the three following evenings, to moderate houses. The play was well received, and may be said to have achieved a success. It was withdrawn after the 20th, Frank Drew's benefit taking place on the 21st. Mr. Barton Hill's benefit on the 16th was well attended.

John S. Clarke filled out a full week at the Walnut, Philadelphia, closing on the 21st. He attracted good houses. There is no star here for the present week, but on the 23d, Horace Wigan's comedy entitled "Friends or Foes," will be brought out. It was performed in New York early in the season.

Miss Mary Provost, who has just closed a series of performances at the Winter Garden, New York, will appear before a Philadelphia audience this evening, 23d, as Nell Gwynne, in which character she made such an impression in New York and elsewhere. She performs through the week at the Arch. She is a pleasing actress, and we bespeak for her a fair hearing.

Anschutz's German Opera was only partially successful in its second season at the Philadelphia Academy. A third "season" was commenced on the 20th, with a disappointment, the opera announced not being given. The attendance was very shy. The "Merry Wives of Windsor," comic opera, was produced during the past week, but it did not create any enthusiasm.

The following little notice we came across on the 21st, in the advertising columns of the New York *Herald*, and we voluntarily give it a more prominent place in our dramatic summary:—"THEATRICAL CARD.—Having completed a series of engagements in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, all of which I believe have been attended with a result alike pleasing to managers and myself, and as my agent, Mr. W. H. Paul, has rendered me essential service by his unremitting attention to my business, I hereby return to him and the public my most grateful acknowledgments.—BARNEY WILLIAMS." We give it room in our summary, because it refers to a class of men—in speaking of Mr. Paul—whose services are seldom properly appreciated or acknowledged by those who employ them, or by the public at large. Agents for stars, or for traveling companies, have a deal of labor to perform, and upon them rests a heavy responsibility. Many of our most prominent performers owe their success in public life to the tact and skill of their agents, to whom are confided all preliminary matters connected with engagements, etc., etc. Yet these men are seldom seen or known by the outside world. "They work in a mysterious way, their wonders to perform."

The local play entitled the "Hot Corn Girl" was one of the attractions at the National, Boston, last week.

J. Wilkes Booth, whose engagement at the Holliday, Baltimore, commenced on the 16th, has been attracting excellent houses during the week.

Mons. Gilbert, with his ballet and pantomime troupe, appears to have made quite a hit at Fuller's National Theatre, Cincinnati, both press and people join in praising his two leading [illegible]es, Mons. Baptistain and M'lle Sophie. Fuller is so satis[illegible]with the manner in which they keep the house full, and [illegible]rton, the treasurer, in keeping the exchequer full, that the [illegible]gement has been extended for a lengthened period. They [illegible] grand performance every Saturday, at 2 P.M.

Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, the attendance has been during the past week, to see Miss Charlotte Thompson as [illegible]le Barefoot," which is the chief character and title of a sen[illegible]al five act drama translated from the German "Das Bar[illegible]e," by F. Schouler, of Cincinnati. It was presented for the [illegible]me there on the 16th, and as a matter of interest and for [illegible]ke of record, we give the cast, which was as follows:—Little [illegible]ot, Miss Charlotte Thompson; Rosel, Mrs. Sloan; Mrs. Ro[illegible]Miss Phillips; Mrs. Freid, Mrs. Porter; Kate, Miss Kings[illegible] Moni, Miss Ifert; Amriel, Miss Whitton; Mr. Fried, [illegible]. B. Phillips; Mr. Rodel, Mr. Higgins; Johannes, Mr. [illegible]s Hans, Mr. C. Hale; Kappenzachen, Mr. Nickenson; Casper, [illegible]orter; Melchior, Mr. Bass; Balthes, Mr. Rucker; Fridel, [illegible]shton. It is stated that Cubas is to appear at this house [illegible]week.

[illegible]s Amy M. Frost, formerly leading woman at the Memphis [illegible]tre, was married in that city on the 2d inst., to Captain [illegible]rick B. Clapp, Quartermaster of General Morgan L. Smith's [illegible]ion, under General Grant. Rev. Dr. White officiated. We [illegible]me the result of this Frost marriage will be a "nipping and [illegible]ger" heir. We wish the newly wedded couple a lifetime of [illegible]ine and happiness.

[illegible]s Julia Daly, comedienne and vocalist, entered upon a short [illegible]gement at the Metropolitan, Indianapolis, on the 16th inst., [illegible]pening piece being "The Female American Cousin," which [illegible]Daly, by her happy style of acting in it, has made peculiar[illegible]r own. It is worth a juvenile greenback to hear her sing [illegible]lle Cum Dinkee Doo." Mr. Felix A. Vincent and Miss [illegible]n Macarthy are also performing at the Metropolitan.

[illegible]e E. Dillingham is not giving Shakespearean readings with [illegible]. B. Rice, as reported, but is playing at Fuller's Louisville [illegible]re.

[illegible]re was an immense house at the New Chestnut, Philadel[illegible]on the 21st inst., on the occasion of the last performance, [illegible]e present, of Miss Lucille Western, in the beautiful drama [illegible]st Lynne. Every seat was occupied, and standing room, [illegible]could not be had after the curtain had been wound up. [illegible]whole engagement of Miss Western has been a great success, [illegible]ouse being crowded at every performance in which that [illegible]appeared.

[illegible]the New Memphis Theatre, benefits have been the order of [illegible]ght since the setting in of Lent. Mr. G. S. Kames, a very [illegible]ble actor, was the recipient of an overflowing house on the [illegible]ion of his benefit, when he appeared as King Lear. Mr. [illegible]chill's was the next, and such a crowd is seldom seen in [illegible]phis. Mr. Tannehill is represented as being one of the best [illegible]ng juvenile actors in the country, equally at home in char[illegible] parts and fops, and we are glad to hear that the people [illegible]d out in such numbers to make his night a benefit indeed. [illegible]ly's benefit was another bumper. Mr. Naylor's (the [illegible]pter) ben. came off on the 6th, when Richelieu and the [illegible]zvous were given, Mr. Naylor appearing as Quake, and Mrs. [illegible]hill as Francois.

[illegible] Nashville Theatre, under Mr. Duffield's management, is [illegible]oing a fine business, and the performances are spoken of [illegible]uch favor. We have already given a list of the company. [illegible]aude Hamilton was up for a benefit on the 14th, when [illegible]t was to be produced.

[illegible]orwich, Ct., J. C. Myers and company gave dramatic per[illegible]nces at Breed Hall, from Saturday 14th to Saturday 21st. [illegible]tizens exhibited good breeding by bestowing their patron[illegible]rely. On the 20th, "Michael Earle," with J. C. Myers and Woodard in the leading characters, and "The Spectre [illegible]room" comprised "the bill of the play." On the closing 21st, "The Effects of War" were elaborately portrayed, More Blunders than One" was exhibited. The arrange[illegible]of this last programme gets one in on the Administration [illegible]shington, but whether Manager Myers intended it, we can[illegible]y. The effects of war and more blunders than one. When in plain language and not given as titles to plays, what a [illegible]nt commentary they are on our military man-overs of the [illegible]vo years.

[illegible]n Nashville, Tenn., we have the gratifying intelligence [illegible]ings in the amusement line are flourishing. The army having been paid off, greenbacks are plenty, and a fair find their way into the hands of the show people. At the [illegible], Manager Duffield has lavishly hung out his attractions, [illegible]ring the week closing on the 14th, gave "Macbeth," "La [illegible]De Nesle," "Hamlet," etc., with a good cast.

[illegible]otable first appearance was made at Grover's Theatre, [illegible]ngton, D. C., on the 20th, being none other than Mr. Sew[illegible]our indefatigable Secretary of State. An evening at Grover's [illegible]t but have benefited him, as our actor people know well [illegible] drive dull care away.

[illegible]s Annie Levering soon leaves Philadelphia, where she has [illegible]sojourning for a few days, for Leavenworth city.

[illegible] Isaacs Menken terminated her splendid ten weeks' engage[illegible]nt the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, on Saturday, March [illegible] From the first until the last night there was one continual [illegible]o procure seats in advance, and no falling off whatever, as [illegible]d by a correspondent in our last issue. Perhaps there is [illegible]ce where Miss Menken is better appreciated and better [illegible]han in the Monumental City, and from her last three en[illegible]onts in that city, we are led to believe our Baltimorean [illegible]s would only be too glad for the young lady to take up her [illegible] with them altogether. "Mazeppa" kept the boards for [illegible]ights without any diminution of numbers—on the con[illegible]when the new run around the dress circle was introduced, [illegible]ready good business increased all the more. When Miles [illegible]l along round the dress-circle, we thought *him* a "won[illegible] but what shall we say of the fair Adah, the originator of this novel feature, who initiated it at Pittsburgh and Albany, (although Miles first rode the act in Baltimore) long before Mr. M. ever thought of it. We scarcely know what to say, so, to get out of difficulty, we will explain the hazardous feat. The "run" is put up on its own "uprights" and takes a course through the audience in the line of the dress circle. It is what may be termed a "skeleton run," *being only two feet wide*, with strong iron wire railing guarding the edge of the run, on both sides, for a foot above the level of said run. The part barring the entrance to the parquet is bolded down, just as the scene comes on, by the carpenters, then, after the curtain goes down, thrown back like a cellar door. After being lashed to the horse, who rears and paws frantically, on a given signal, off the animal starts at full speed round the dress circle, and so on up the runs to the top of the theatre! As may be imagined, the scene is both wonderful and thrilling, the more so from the great danger incurred by the daring and graceful rider. On the 16th, Miss Menken appeared in the new play of "White Eagle, or the Prairie Steed," written by herself and copyrighted. It achieved a great success at once, and has been kept on all the week: the riding in this piece is said to be even more reckless than in "Mazeppa." Last Tuesday evening, four hundred and thirty-two ladies were presented with portraits of the lovely Adah, and on Saturday afternoon a similar *souvenir* was to be distributed to every lady, gentleman, and child that visited the theatre! Such liberality was never before heard of, and if the Front Street house wasn't packed to the ceiling we shall be very much mistaken. The idea of "Mazeppa" going to Norfolk is a canard. On the 30th, Miss Ada will open with "Mazeppa" at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, when the piece is to be produced regardless of expense. "Menken" will be presented in grand style there. The Opera House is almost, if not quite as large as the Academy of Music in this city. Mr. Pike is both rich and liberal, and nothing will be left undone to have all the lady's pieces brought out in a style of magnificence and splendor never equalled in America.

We understand that a Boston company will open the old Green Street Theatre, Albany, N. Y., early in April.

Captain John Smith, of Albany, has become lessee of the Syracuse Theatre, and will open on the first of May. Captain John has the reputation of being "a live man and a square dealer."

Mr. W. H. Riley, of the Metropolitan, Indianapolis, on the 14th inst., was presented with a massive and beautiful gold chain by his many friends out there. One of the locals goes at him in this 'ere style:—"Mr. Riley, a steadily blazing star, has outshone nightly many an erratic comet or aerolite who has condescended to visit our Indianapolis sublunary sphere, attempting to blaze away on our theatrical firmament, so that all the people should be blind." The local raps somebody over the knuckles pretty severely. Who does he mean? We have not heard whether Riley got "riled" at seeing so much "goold," or whether he was struck all in a heap with surprise: in either case he has our deep and healthy sympathy in this "unexpected calamity."

Mr. Forrest, at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, gave a new rendering of certain portions of Richard III., on the 20th inst., and the audience, by their applause, gave evidence that they approved of the alterations. Instead of making the funeral procession of King Henry halt in the public street, while Richard makes love to Lady Anne, the scene is done in the church, with no witnesses present. This week, Mr. Forrest will appear for the first time at this theatre as King Lear. On the 25th, Mr. Bandmann, the German tragedian, will make his *debut*, as Shylock.

Miss Kate Denin was tendered a complimentary benefit in the most flattering manner, to take place at the Norfolk, Va., Opera House, where she was then performing, on the 20th inst. The tender was signed by Brigadier Generals Egbert L. Viele, Rufus King, and Edward Ferrero, five Colonels, and five Lieutenant Colonels, and a number of other gentlemen, military and civilian. The lady treated her admirers to "Jessie Brown" and "The School for Scandal" on the occasion. On the previous evening, the drama entitled "Aurora Floyd, or Disobedience," by Mr. S. E. Ryan, was given. Saturday, the 21st, was announced as the lady's last night there.

The Green Street Theatre, Albany, N. Y., is up for rent, by the week, month, or season. A good business has been done there in times past, and if some live manager was to take hold of it, we see no valid reason why the same should not occur again. For capacity, etc., see advertisement.

A person in Boston preached a sermon on "Theatrical Amusements," in one of the churches in that city, on the 15th. The gentleman has been unable to attract large audiences heretofore, so the idea struck him that a sensation sermon might fetch them, and he tried it. Properly advertised and billed, the thing might have drawn largely, but there was little or no publicity given to the sermon, and the attendance was limited. We have a synopsis of the star preacher's sermon before us, but as there is nothing in it that has not been picked to pieces by other reverend gentlemen, we shall not trouble our readers by giving it. It is

For Continuation of Theatrical Record See Pages 398 and 399.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1863.

TO SUBSCRIBERS, ADVERTISERS, AND OTHERS.

It may have escaped the observation of some, that three weeks since, on account of the extraordinary high price of paper we announced that hereafter the CLIPPER would be, for the time being, sold at Six Cents per copy, instead of four, as heretofore, but that our advertising rates would *remain the same*. For reference, and to facilitate business, we therefore append a schedule of rates:—

Single copy of the Clipper..6cts	Subscription for 6 months..$1 50
To Wholesale Dealers....4cts	Subscription for 4 months..1 00
To Retail Agents,.....4½cts	Club of Four 10 50
Subscription, per annum..$3 00	Club of Eight.....20 00

In all cases in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion; a liberal deduction, will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication, Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday if possible.

"HOMEWARD BOUND!"

A TRIP FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY OUR CABIN BOY

DULL TIMES—A NUT FOR ABE L. TO CRACK—PROPOSITION TO HAVE BILLIARDS ON SHIP-BOARD—A GOOD WORD FOR THE ENGLISH CHAMPION, MR. ROBERTS—JEM MACE AND HIS AGENT, MONTAGUE—OLD SORES REVIVED—MUIR UP FOR ALLEGED CRIM. CON.—HIS TRIAL—WELLS, THE PHRENOLOGIST, MAKES A SPEECH—A RAP AT THE GIRLS.

Passing over our "carryings on" in the day time, which were but little varied, I will confine myself in the remaining one or two letters, to the evening's pastimes generally. There isn't half enough material to pass away the time on ship-board. Cards are very well in their way, but too much of one thing is disgusting, I don't care what, except money; and it was a matter of surprise to most of us that there wasn't a single billiard table on board. In this age of balls and cues, I hardly know what to think. If it wasn't for this infernal war, almost any man of business could earn a small fortune by hiring a room and fixing up two or three tables on board the Great Eastern. Talking about the war, here's a side hit at somebody, they get off up at the American Theatre. Says the Rev. Jim W. to T. R.: "Snowball, did you ever see two dogs fighting over a bone?" "Oh, yeth." "But did you ever see the *bone* fight?" "That's so, Johnny Roche!" shouted one of the boys up stairs, and the manner in which this sly poke at the officials is appreciated, shows the popular feeling. To return to the subject of billiards. It stands to reason, in good times, that people who cross the Atlantic, or "go down to the sea in ships," generally have a good supply of the root of all evil, and whatever there is to pay for, is grabbed after as quick, if not quicker than anything else. I'd be willing to bet a new hat for all the Matt Brennan Hose Company's fellers, that the tables would never be lying idle, except when folks were to bed. Not only would the tax per game bring in a splendid sum, but, to make it the more exclusive, a small fee might, without the least offence, be exacted for spectators. Who says there isn't money in the speculation? What think the two St. Michaels? Phelan, Geary, Conner, or Neil Bryant might give their opinion. Then if we could only get up an international match, what a fine chance for training on the way, to keep your hand in. I believe Mr. Roberts to be as anxious for a trial of skill as most men; and as I have seen the great English billiard player scores of times, both in and out of his establishment, the Saville House, Leicester Square, London, allow me to help to disabuse the minds of those who consider Mr. Roberts anything else but a gentleman. So far as my knowledge goes, he is far from the character represented by prejudiced minds, who know little or nothing about the man, except by hearsay. That he is Champion of England, none can deny, and if he attaches that honor to the end of his name, it doesn't say that by so doing he intended any slur on American players. Let some of our crack billiard men go over on a visit, and my word for it, Mr. Roberts will be one of the very first to bid them welcome, heartily welcome. Remember, he is quite a different man from Jem Mace—education makes him so: even Mace isn't so far gone but there are some good traits about him; Mace has nothing to do with the wording of his highfalutin advertisements—that is all managed by Charles Henry Augustus Montague, his secretary; he does what he thinks best to help along the Champion; so there's a loop-hole for all to creep out of. At the time of my little difficulty with Mace, this Montague was at the bottom of it—so Jem told me afterwards. Luckily for him or me, we never met, although often on the watch for each other. I wanted him to come to Jem Ward's or Joe Rowe's; he would accept of no other place than Mace's own house—and you can bet I wasn't quite such a fool as to go there. But it's all over now, and should Montague ever come here, he won't find such an inveterate enemy in your Cabin Boy, after all.

When cornered as to what to write about, these long-winded digressions come in first-rate—I've got half through the task by it. By Thursday we had so worked upon poor Muir's disorganized brain that he threw up the office of chairman altogether, and the malediction he invoked on our heads was perfectly awful. Having used him up on politics, a charge was brought against him of familiarity with our stewardess. He first became accused of the offence on Wednesday—a meeting was held—Muir had the choice of his counsel—speeches were made *pro* and *con* about the alleged *crim. con.* If you could only have seen the remorse of that man's conscience, as shown by the nervous twitchings of his lips and general uneasiness; his giving the lie to his accusers; his fruitless endeavors to break jail; his summoning of the stewardess to prove his innocence: it would have proved infinitely more amusing than any of the trial scenes in the Tombs. Hodson defended Muir—Baxter was for the prosecution. I never liked this Baxter, somehow or other: instead of right-down burlesque, he kept harping about our disasters, slinging out dirty insinuations, and made an ass of himself generally. Dost doubt my veracity? Go and see what Lieutenant Morrison says about it. With Hodson it was different altogether; he could be as sarcastic as you please, but had the knack of turning his sarcasm into real fun. For example, in dilating on the enormity of such a crime, the very contemplation of which would so work upon poor Muir's mind, that I thought he either had religion or was troubled with boils. When Hodson had him worked up far enough, by a sudden tack he veered right round, and commenced singing Yankee Doodle, assisted by the chorus. That made the chairman come back to his senses. In a speech of fifteen minutes, Doodle would be introduced half a dozen times, sure. It was rich. Of Baxter, being prejudiced, I can't say very much in his favor. Some people make a business of blackguarding their very best friends through the papers—of course it's their living, and they get paid for it—but smash my cornet if I could do it. "Let us speak of a man as we find him," and—all take a drink together. How's that, brother Greeley? I wonder if Horace treats the crowd, or only has his private smile—any of the boys know?

Our bringing Muir to court had the effect of driving him out of the second cabin altogether into the first. The reason certain parties accused him of familiarity with the stewardess was because we never could find out where he slept nights, and folks will not only suspect, but talk, too. It forced a confession from Muir, to the effect that he had been sleeping in the first cabin berths all the way over—had a state-room to himself—for the same price, we were piled six in a room. This was almost as bad for the culprit as if he'd been acting as husband and protector to the dark-eyed little woman that made the beds. The idea of his being thus exalted above his fellows made some feel worse even than if he'd "done the other thing," and we all felt kinder down on him.

After our chairman's departure, by special invitation, Professor Wells, the Phrenologist, of Fowler & Wells, came down into our cabin, and delivered a very interesting lecture on "bumps" and things in general. He begged hard of some of the ladies to walk up and "know themselves," but they either knew more than the Professor, or else were afraid he might let out something—for not a single female could be induced to let Mr. Wells handle her bumps. I don't blame 'em either. It's all very fine, Mr. Ferguson, but we think it's not exactly the cheese. How should you like your gal to get handled by every strange feller that came along? Not at all. The girls very sensibly thought it best for him to "mind his own business." You know how saucy they get, if a man isn't good-looking and wears good clothes, but we can't help loving them with all their faults. Seeing that he couldn't "come the gammon" over them, our talented friend, the Professor, made a show of Hodson and Baxter. He said some things that were true—others that were not. I believe in physiology out and out—phrenology—well, it ain't much. They'll ask you so many questions that you tell them more than they tell you. Now, in physiology it is different. An opinion is formed of every one you meet at first sight—perhaps very vague, yet still an opinion. Well, you take and watch any man for a week, his manners, habits, gait, etc., and tell me whether or not in that time you have not formed some kind of an opinion, and whether you would care to put confidence in him. With the ladies it's different; it takes a long time to find some of them out. Neither do I believe, generally speaking, they are able to form correct judgments of their own sex—or if able, they don't do it candidly. This is rough language, and I shall not be at all suprised to get rats for daring to presume to criticise any thing that wears crinoline. All right, my covey. I like to see a pretty woman get mad, barring relatives of course. It's very curious what a heap a fellow thinks of somebody else's sister, whereas for his own he don't care a three cent piece. Ain't it funny? Can't we have a society for changing off sisters? Here's a question for discussion until next week.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ATHLETIC CLUB, OF PHILADELPHIA.—The regular annual meeting of this club was held on the 2d of March, the result being the election of the following officers for the year 1863:—President, Thos. Fitzgerald; Vice President, C. M. Bacon; Secretary, R. W. Benson; Treasurer, Theo. M. Reger; Captain, D. W. C. Moore; Ground Committee—E. H. Hayhurst, Henry S. Paul, I. P. Wilkins. The club also passed resolutions to visit Newark, New York, and Brooklyn early in June, and the team they will bring with them on the occasion, will hurry up our boys a little to defeat them. They now have Theo. Bomeisler as catcher, and he, with Pratt as pitcher, are two very troublesome customers to deal with, when a man wants to make his bases in safety. In fact, they will have the strongest team that ever left Philadelphia; so our clubs will have to look out, and get themselves in fighting trim early in the season, or Philadelphia will win the honors, and take all the tricks in the game. We are obliged to Mr. Benson for his favors, and should like to have the averages he refers to.

RESOLUTE BASE BALL CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the Resolute Base Ball Club, of Brooklyn, E. D., held on Monday evening, 9th inst., the following officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing year:—President, Wm. Boswell; Vice President, A. Wackerhagen; Secretary, M. Rogers; Treasurer, A. W. Wilson; Directors, H. B. Stanton, Jr., J. A. Weeden, and N. A. Benner. The Resolutes contemplate commencing the season early, and will turn out a strong first nine, as they intend playing all the first-class New York and Brooklyn clubs.

THE PLEASURES OF SKATING.

The frost of the second week of the present month, gave our people an opportunity to indulge in the pleasures of skating, and for a limited period skating was a common topic of conversation, especially among the rising generation. Quite a few paragraphs appeared in the papers relative thereto, among them the following from "one of our guild," who gives a very amusing "noration" of "The Pleasures of Skating." Read it.—"Right beneath one of our windows, from morn till midnight, we see youngsters and oldsters, twisting their legs in all conceivable shapes, skating up and down the river, merry as lambs. We cannot pick up a paper, but an article on 'skating' meets the eye. Everybody says it's fun, and that's all 'everybody' knows about it, for we have tried it. Last night, about gaslight time, after reading a glowing description of life on skates, we prepared for our first attempt, and sallied forth to join the merry crowd. We had on a pair of stoga boots, trousers legs tucked inside, a robert-tailed coat, and white hat. We went down on the ice, and gave a boy two shillings in good coin of the realm, for the use of his implements. We have confidence, even as great as Peter's faith. We, with the assistance of a friend, fixed on the skates, and stood erect, like a barber's pole. Encouraged by the sight of some ladies on the bridge looking at the skaters, we struck out. A slant to the right with the right foot—a slant to the left with the left foot—and just then we saw something on the ice, and stooped over to pick it up! On our feet again—two slants to the right and one to the left, accompanied with a loss of confidence. Another stride with the right foot, and we sat down with fearful rapidity, and very little if any elegance! What a set-down it was, for we made a dent in the ice not unlike a Connecticut butter bowl!

Just then one of the ladies remarked—"Oh, look, Mary, that feller with the white hat ain't got his skeets on the right place!" Ditto, thought we. Just then a ragged little devil sang out as he glided past us—"Hello, old timber legs!" and we arose suddenly and put after him. Three slides to the right—two to the left, and away went our legs—one to the east, the other west, causing an immense fissure in our pants, and another picture of a butter-tray in the cold—oh, how cold—ice! Then the lady—we know she was one by the remark she made—again spoke and said—"Oh, look, Mary, that chap with a white hat has sat down on his handkerchief, to keep from taking cold!" We rose about as gracefully as a saw-horse, when Mary said—"Guess 'taint a handkerchief, Jane,"—and Mary was right. It wasn't a handkerchief—not a bit of it. Just then a friend came along, and proffered us his coat-tail as a "steadier." We accepted the continuation of his garment, and up the river we went about ten rods, when a shy to the right by the leader, caused us, the wheel-horse, to scoot off on a tangent, heels up! But the ice is very cold this season!

We tried it again. A glide one way, a glide and a half the other, when "whack!" came our bump of philoprogenitiveness on the ice, and we saw a million of stars dancing around our eyes, like ballet girls at the Bowery Theatre. How that shock went through our system, and up and down our spinal column. Lightning couldn't have corkscrewed it down a greased sapling with greater speed, or more exhilarating effect. Boarding-house butter, nor warranty deed, couldn't have struck stronger than we did—and a dozen ladies looking at us and our "fissured" pants.

"Hallo, old cock" sang out that ragged imp again, and we there helpless! Soon we got up and made another trial, with better success. Perhaps we had skated, in our peculiar style, fifteen feet, when a blundering chap came up behind, and we sat down with our tired head pillowed in his lap—and he swearing at us, when it was all his fault! how cold the ice was there, too! Every spot where we made our *debut* on the ice—oh! how cold it was! Our *bear skin* drawers were no protection at all! We tried again, for the papers all say its fun, and down came our Roman-grecian nose, on the cold julep material, and the little drops of crimson ran down our shirt bosom, and on to the cold ice. Once more we tried skating—made for the shore—sat down and counted damages. Two shillings in cash, thrown away. Seven latteral and one "fronteral" bumps on the ice. One immense fissure, in as handsome a pair of ten dollar cassimeres as a man ever put his legs in! One rupture in the knee, extending to the bone. Four buttons from our vest, a "fragmented" watch chrystal, and back ache, big enough to divide among the children of Israel. If you catch us on the smooth, glassy, chilly, freezing, treacherous, deceitful, slippery, and slip-uppery ice again, you'll know it! If any one ever hears of our skating again, they will please draw on us at sight for the bivalves and accompanoing documents. We have got through skating. It's a humbug. It's a vexation of spirit, of business, of flesh, and a tearer of trowsers! It is a head-bumping, back-aching, leg-wearying, dangerous institution, and we warn people against skating. We tried it, and shan't be able to walk for a month. Skating clubs are a humbug, and all the rascally youngsters wish, is to get the ladies at it, that they may see—if they too don't say "*the ice is dreadful cold!*" It's nothing to us, but the ladies will do as well to let the skates alone, unless they are younger and more elastic than we. Oh! how cold the ice is—*we can feel it yet!*"

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER FORTY-NINE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

MISS MARY DUFF,

Well known as Mrs. A. A. Addams, Mrs. Jos. Gilbert, and Mrs. G. Porter, was born in Dublin, Ireland. Made her first appearance on any stage October 3d, 1831, as Ernestine, in "The nnambulist" at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the nefit of her mother.

Made her *debut* in New York in January '32, at the Richmond ll Theatre, for her mother's benefit, as Ernestine. In 1834, e was united in marriage to Mr. A. A. Addams, a young actor of erit. The union between them was an unhappy one, and they ortly after separated. She then married Joseph Gilbert, and as a second time divorced. She then married J. G. Porter, ith whom she lived till her death, which occurred August 1st, 52, at Memphis, Tenn.

MRS. MARY DUFF.

Maiden name Marianna Dyke. Born in Dublin, Ireland. Made er first appearance on any stage, in her native place, as a dancer, nd gained considerable reputation. In 1810, she crossed the tlantic and arrived in Boston, where she made her first appearnce on the American stage, (and first appearance as an actress,) t the Boston Theatre, in November of the same year. She remained there for two years, after which she went to Philadelphia, aking her *debut* October 3d, 1812, in "The Castle Spectre" at the hestnut Street Theatre.

In 1822, she visited New York for the first time, and appeared t the Park Theatre, September 5th, as Hermion, in the "Distressed Mother."

Returned to England in 1828, and made her first appearance on he London stage March 3d, as Isabella, in the "Fatal Marriage," t the Drury Lane Theatre.

Mrs. Duff was sister to Tom Moore's first wife. She married Duff, with whom she lived very happily till his death. After this, she was married a second time, to Mr. Seevir, a member of the New Orleans Bar, when she retired from the stage, and joined the Methodist Church.

THOMAS DUFF.

Born in Boston, Mass. Made his first appearance on any stage n 1849, at the Bowery Theatre, New York.

Retired from the stage in April, 1859, and entered into partnership with Mr. R. Owens, in Quincy, Ill., in the mercantile usiness.

JOHN DUFF.

Born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1787. Made his first appearance on the American stage in 1809, at Boston, Mass. On the 15th of July, 1812, first appeared in Philadelphia, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in "Macbeth," and in the "Three Singles." First appeared in New York on January 14, 1814, at the Park Theatre.

Was formerly manager of the Federal Street Theatre, Boston. Died in Philadelphia, April, 1831.

WILLIAM DUFFY.

Born in Albany, N. Y., in 1801. Made his first appearance on any stage in 1822, at the Pearl Street Theatre, Albany. One of the partners of Jones, Duffy & Forrest, managers of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1830. Was also manager of the first theatre in Buffalo, in 1834.

On the 10th of February, 1836, and while manager of the Albany Theatre, he was fatally stabbed by one of his actors—John Hamilton. On the 12th of March, he died. In early life Mr. Duffy had been a companion of Edwin Forrest, whose friendship he always retained and reciprocated. In the capacity of manager, he displayed great activity and enterprise. As an actor, he was entitled to a high rank, though his business engagements necessarily prevented the closest preparation which has been pronounced necessary to histrionic excellence. Many of his efforts, notwithstanding, evinced a vigorous and a polished genius, and in some characters in the highest walks of the drama, he was acknowledged to be unsurpassed. As a man, he was high minded, social, and benevolent; as a citizen, public spirited and upright.

MRS. KNEASS,

Maiden-name, Miss Sharpe. As a vocalist, this lady gained considerable notoriety.

On Friday, February 14, 185–, Mrs. K. was on board the Louisville packet, and while seated on the hurricane deck, and leaning against an iron rod, it broke, and she was precipitated into the river and was drowned. In her fall she struck the guard below, splitting it by the concussion; and it is probable that death's work had been done before she reached the water. A sister, Miss Clara Bruce, and an affectionate husband, who were near to behold the work of death, without the power to stay it, were paralysed, mind-shattered, and well nigh heart-broken by this sudden and awful blow.

HENRY EDMUND STEVENS,

Born in Norwich, Eng., July 8, 1814; made his first appearance on the stage in 1833, as Octavian, in "The Mountaineers," at Cirencester, Gloucestershire, Eng. Crossed the big pond and made his *debut* in America, at the Chatham Theatre, New York, as Judas Iscariot, in "The Destruction of Jerusalem."

In 1852, he was stage manager of the Bowery Theatre, New York. First appeared in Philadelphia, June 19, 1846, at the Walnut, as Jamaita, in "Wyoming."

Died from the effects of injuries received, in a wrestling match, February 20, 1854.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EXPRESS, New York.—Nothing further from B. He is probably drying his powder.

G. W. H., Frederick City, Md.—Solutions correct.

J. H. BURNHAM, Lansingburgh, N. Y.—We have but one more position of yours.

A LOOKER ON, New York.—Those games, friend Looker; may we promise them to the readers of the CLIPPER soon?

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 50—Vol. X.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..29	to 25	6	to 9	9..19	to 16	12	to 19
2..13	6	2	9	10. 23	7	14	18
3..21	17	14	21	11.. 7	2	18	25
4..23	7	3	10	12.. 2	7	10	14
5..25	22	9	14	13.. 7	11	5	9
6..27	23	5	9	14..11	18	14	23
7..31	26	1	5	15..26	19,		
8..32	28	9	13		and wins.		

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 113th POSITION.

White.		Black.
1..30	to 25	21 to 30
2..23	26	30 23
3..22	17	13 22
4.. 6	9, and wins.	

GAME No. 50—Vol. X.

Lately contested between J. P. Sweet and an Amateur, both of this city.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black, J. P. S.		White, Amateur.		Black, J. P. S.		White, Amateur.	
1..11	to 15	22	to 18	12..14	to 17	32	to 28
2..15	22	25	18	13..10	14	22	18
3.. 8	11	29	25	14.. 1	5	18	9
4.. 4	8	25	22	15.. 5	14	26	22(a)
5..12	16	24	20	16..17	26	31	22
6..10	15	21	17	17..14	17	22	18
7.. 8	12	17	13	18.. 6	10	18	14
8.. 7	10	27	24	19..17	22	14	7
9.. 9	14	18	9	20.. 3	10	13	9
10.. 5	14	24	19	21..22	26	9	5
11..15	24	28	19	22..26	31, and wins,		

(a) Loses. 28 to 24 appears good for a draw.

MATCH GAME.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

Black—G. M. B.		White—Acceptance.	
8.. 7	10	17	14
9..10	17	22	13
10..15	22	26	17

POSITION No. 51—Vol. X. THE 114th POSITION OF STURGES.

BY ED. D. D.

Respectfully Inscribed to Students.

End-Game;

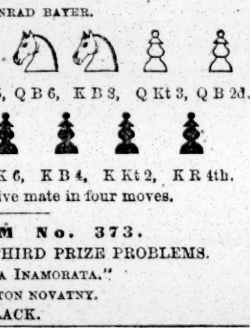
Occurring in actual play.

BLACK—A Friend.

WHITE—I. D. J. S.

White to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

FREE TOURNAMENT.—Amid such times as the present, it is truly most gratifying to discover the existence of such chess spirit as is contained in the following announcement, forwarded us by our contributor F. Eugene Brenzinger:—"A Free Tournament is about being organized in the Paulsen C. C., 189 Bowery. Casper Schneider, the proprietor of the rooms, has offered as a prize, a sett of Staunton chessmen, and a board to match, valued together at about $25, and cordially invites all chessplayers of the city to enter the list of contestants for a trophy at once so beautiful and so valuable. There can be no doubt but that the undertaking will be a perfect success, the contests spirited and interesting. The lists will be kept open for entries until the 1st of April, *prox.* We hope to see all the old familiar names once more rallied around Caissa's standard, so gratefully, unexpectedly, and spiritedly reared in our midst."

BLINDFOLD PLAY.—The same correspondent, speaking of his recent efforts in "blindfold" playing, informs us that, in Brooklyn he contested four games with Messrs. Perrin, Van Wagner, Calborn, and Finley. He lost the first, won the second, drew the third, and, from an oversight, lost the fourth. The first three we shall lay before our readers, as occasion presents. At the "Morphy Chess Rooms" he contested *eight*, as per arrangement; drew two, lost two, and *won four*.

CHESS IN CHICAGO.—Our correspondent E. W. Bryant discourseth of Chess in this Babel of the West, in fashion as followeth:—"I've found out the quarters of the Chicago Chess Club, which, after a partial disorganization, has collected again, and now occupies room No. 18, third floor, of No. 79 Dearborn street. J. Morgan, Esq., President; J. Spencer Turner, Esq., Secretary. Here many players be found from 10 A. M. to midnight. 'Ye wandering knights, come break a lance!' I called a few moments the other day and had the honor and pleasure of being introduced to Ernest Morphy, Esq., who happened to be staying in the city for a few days. I have, as yet, had no time to play at the Chicago club, but hope to have leisure during my stay here. I met no players in St. Louis, and have neither played nor studied since last April."

ENIGMA No. 373.

From Bell's Life in London.

BY DR. CONRAD BAYER.

at Q R sq, K R sq, Q R 3, Q Kt 5, Q B 6, K B 8, Q Kt 3, Q B 2d.

at Q 4, K Kt 4, Q B 2, K 6, K B 4, K Kt 2, K R 4th.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

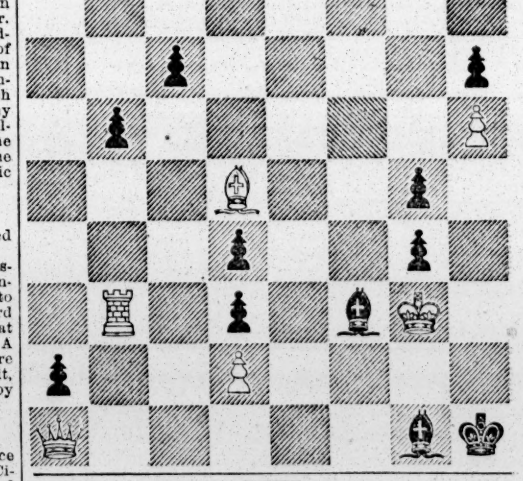
PROBLEM No. 373.

WORLD'S CONGRESS THIRD PRIZE PROBLEMS.

"BELL ALMA INAMORATA."

BY DR. ANTON NOVATNY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

GAME No. 373.

Our contributor F. Eugene Brenzinger gives Herr Hollerbach the odds of K Kt at the Paulsen Schach Club, 189 Bowery.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

Attack, Brenzinger.	Defence, Hollerbach.	Attack, Brenzinger.	Defence, Hollerbach.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..Q to her Kt 3	Castles, Q R
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	12..Q R-B sq	Q B × B
3..P-Q 4	K P × P	13..Q × Q B	K Kt-R 3
4..K B-B 4	K B-Kt 5 +	14..K Kt-K 5	Q Kt × Kt
5..P-Q B 3d	Q 2d P × P	15..B × Q Kt	Q-her B 4
6..Castles	P × Kt P	16..Q-K B 4	Q × Q R
7..Q B × P	K B-home	17..K R × Q	P-Q B 3
8..P-K 5	P-Q 3 (a)	18..B-Q Kt 8	Q R-Q 2
9..K R-K sq	Q B-K 3	19. B × R P,	and the Defence shortly resigned.
10..K P × P	Q × Q P		

(a) Compare Game X., Dime Chess Instructor, p. 74.

CRITICISM BELOW STAIRS.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

William is a journeyman sailor, and very much respected by the Admiralty, and as soon as he returns to England, he arrives and dances a hornpipe, and tells about a fish, in the Teepeecookian Ocean, that swallowed an Armstrong gun and several other articles of war. The left tenant—a left tenant is not a person who leaves without paying his rent, but is the person left in the ship while the captain goes ashore to look after his baggage—having been half over the seas, and consequently half seas over, and, when in a state of naval intoxication, he behaves rudely to Susan; she screams, and when they scream on the stage they do scream, and then on comes William with a sword big enough to frighten Alexander the Great, and makes a cut at the gallant officer, which effectually puts an end to his gallantry for the time being; indeed, I thought he was dead, for he fell like an inanimate object, and at the same moment a loud thump on the big drum announced the melancholy fact of his demise. Then William is tried by a very civil old gentleman dressed in white silk stockings, diamond buckles, ultramarine coat and gold buttons, a most polite individual, and not the least pride about him, for he shakes hands with William, and tells him he must be hanged. He then walks off, followed by six policemen in cocked hats. As for the last farewell forever between William and Susan, I can only describe it as the concentrated essence of agony. The last scene is the quarter of a deck of a man-of-war, with a view of three rows of sky overhead, and the sea in the distance, and a very beautiful scene it is. There are the marines, and the soldiers, and the sailors, and the midshipmen, and old silk stockings and diamond buckles, and his six policemen, and William, and just as they are going to hang him, there is a sudden thump on the drum, and on comes the inanimate officer, who says that the whole affair is a mistake, that he is not the officer, that William is not William, and if they hang him, they will move for a new trial, and prove the execution illegal, the law of the land not extending to persons engaged on the water. Susan gives another of her celebrated screams, rushes on and embraces William, stockings waves his cooked hat, the crew give three cheers, and that's the end of it.

THE RING.

"WE STILL LIVE."—HARRY HILL'S Saloon, on Houston street, enjoys the popular patronage to an unparalleled degree. The truth is, Harry is a capital fellow, and a most *recherche* caterer, and hence his almost unprecedented popularity. We advise all who desire to spend a social and delightful evening to visit his admirably conducted Restaurant and Saloon. 36-3m*

THE ST. NICHOLAS BOWLING ROOM, No. 535 Broadway, (under the Prescott House,) is the only perfect TEN PIN SALOON in New York. The Manager for thirteen years had charge of the Bowling Room at the Astor House. Wines, Liquors, and Cigars of the best quality.
40-tf PETE GALLAGHER, Proprietor.

CLIPPER SHADES, No. 40 EAST BROADWAY.—Free and Easy every Monday and Saturday evenings, with that exquisite songster, MR. MORDECAI LYONS in the Chair. The best of Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, constantly on hand. The Proprietors will do their utmost to promote the comfort of those honoring them with a call.
44-tf DICK & EUGENE HOLYWOOD, Proprietors.

HOW ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT WAS KEPT UP.—Don't think that we are going into a long rigmarole of the different ways in which the birthday of the great Snake Annihilator was celebrated. No such thing. We are simply about to tell of a little sparring entertainment given up at Union Hall, First Avenue, on the evergreen 17th of March, for the benefit of Young McCabe and Joe Ryan. We didn't attend, but were mighty sorry for it afterwards, you can bet. Here are the tight sprigs descended from the Emerald Isle, who belted each other like factions at a fair, only with gloves on, though:—Doulan and Berrigan, Hanley and Young Cusick, Lees and Young Donnelly, Billy Doyle and Young Daley, Linsay and Courtney, Paterson and Riley, Fryery and Con Fitzgerald, Baldwin and Mahoney, Ames and Bradley, Black George and McDade, Owney Geoghegan and "Sweeny," Joe Ryan and Cock Robin, Young Murphy and Fitz, Daley and Young McCabe, and Joe Ryan and McCabe. On account of the disparity in weight between Ryan and McCabe, they didn't do so well as some others, but it only helped along the cause, for there were two winds up—slashing ones they were, too. Ryan's bout with Cock Robin was beautiful, and not a few argue that Cock Robin is every way equal to Barney Aaron—that's what his friends say, anyhow. Daley and McCabe were also splendid, and the way McDade operated on the black (a man nearly twice his size), proved him not a whit behind any of them, although George, "if he had a mind to," might have chucked William over a house—his strength being of the Dead Boxer stripe. Owney Geoghegan never appeared to better advantage, but "Sweeny" was evidently out of practice entirely. Doyle and Daley were likewise good. Old Bill Tovee never labored under greater difficulties—it was "piled" on him fearfully, yet he managed to worry through until his job was done. A bully way of keeping up St. "Parthrick."

A BRAVE MAN THE VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.—We have heard that the celebrated young boxer, Johnny Aaron (who was so unjustly incarcerated for an offence that many believe he was never guilty of, so as to be got out of the way) is somewhere in the city, living very quietly. Under these circumstances, we know he cannot be any too well situated, and we shall be happy to know that the boys, having heard of it, will take some steps towards getting up a complimentary demonstration, or a huge boxing entertainment, to come off as soon as practicable. Won't some of the young fellows take hold and push it through? Every man's voice is a help, and nothing would give us greater pleasure than to see the once eccentric, but now sickly and nearly heart-broken boxer again set on his pins. Our informant says that Johnny Aaron is scarcely able to get about, he is so unwell, and believes he has contracted a complaint from which he will never recover. Johnny is no imposter—he has been one of the best men breathing, and very few but what will admit of this fact. As a sparer, to our notion, in his well-days he was without an equal, his only fault being that of looking after others interests more than his own, which will keep any man poor.

Let all who approve of this laudable undertaking and are willing to spar for Johnny, send their names to the CLIPPER office without delay.

DICK HOLLYWOOD AND MIKE DORSEY'S BENEFIT AT YONKERS.—We told you about these young fellows going up the river last week, and are now enabled to write them engaged—not to be married—but to have a joint benefit there on Wednesday evening. The boys are very popular among ye denizens of Yonkers, both male and female, and Dorsey says that Holywood can talk like a —— you know the rest. Certainly Richard is a perfect little gentleman, with a private character unimpeached. The exhibition comes off at Farrington Hall on Wednesday evening, March 25, and the following New Yorkers are going up there to assist: Milage Cornell, Dublin Mike, Johnny Grady, Young Berrigan, Tom Conners, of Australia, and Old Bill Tovee. Pritchard, of Liverpool, Harry Lathrop, and M. Hunt will represent Yonkers, and Richard Hollywood and Michael Dorsey give the wind-up.

MICKEY COBURN IN HARTFORD.—The youngest of the Coburns was to have taken a benefit at Union Hall on the 23d inst., when "several" New York boxers were to assist, including brother James. Hughey McGinley does the M. C. business up there.

A LINE OF BATTLE.—Gentle reader, you often read about "a line of battle," and, we dare say, think that the two armies stand in two lines; but it is not so. The army is divided into divisions, and there are often great gaps between the divisions. They are posted in positions or in commanding places—that is, on hills, or in woods, or on the banks of streams, in places where they will be best able to resist or attack the enemy. The divisions are usually so placed that they can support one another. You can understand a line of battle pretty well, by imagining a regiment here on a hill, another down in the valley, a third in a piece of woods, with artillery and cavalry placed in the best positions. If you want to make it more real, when you are out in the fields or pastures, with the hills all around, just imagine that the enemy is over yonder hill, with ten thousand men and twenty pieces of artillery. You are a general, and have an equal number. The enemy will come down that road, spread out into the fields, or creep up through the woods and attack you.

You can't exactly tell how many men he will send on the right, or how many on the centre, or how many on the left, so you must arrange your forces to support each other. Then, to shift it, you are to attack him. You don't want many of your men killed, but you do want to win a victory. Now there is a chance for you to try your skill in planning a line of battle. You must place your artillery where it will do the most damage, and receive the least from the enemy. You must move your infantry so that they will not be cut off by the enemy before they get near enough to cut them up in return. You see that it is no small thing to be a general. These are great responsibilities.

SLEIGH DRIVING IN RUSSIA.—Sleigh driving is the one grand, unapproachable, unalloyed pleasure to be enjoyed in Russia. There is nothing to compare to a long furious sweep in a good Russian sleigh, over hard, crisp, clean snow, wrapped in good furs. With a bearskin covering your legs, with your feet encased in fur goloshoes, resting on a doubled-up Siberian curly sheepskin, with fur cap on your head, as tall and straight and round as a very large English hat without a rim, with your hands buried four inches deep amongst the sable sleeves of your coat; as you lie easily back, thus comforted, under a clear, frosty, bright sky, the horses, in graceful silver-mounted harness, tossing their heads, the bells at their necks tinkling merrily, the driver in high wolfskin cap and sheepskin coat, over which he has drawn a handsome blue caftan trimmed below the arms, with silver-plated round buttons as large as little eggs, and with a large party-colored sash bound round his waist—a fellow all excitement, but coolly managing three wild horses who tear on at a whirling speed, dashing the crisp snow in showers from their hoofs, sometimes for a moment or two half blinding you with the finest, cleanest, whitest powder in the world—with these appliances you see and feel them all—you know the luxury of sleigh riding. I am not speaking of a drive through the streets of Petersburg, but of a drive of thirty or forty miles over untrodden virgin soil, through the forest, when the trees are clothed in a dense fantastic foliage of hoar frost festooned with millions of stalactites, and when the bracing air, as you rush through it, sends the blood tinkling through your veins.

OLD AGE.—You will look long to find a better description of extreme age than the following, which is taken from a play written in the year 1860, by Nathaniel Lee:—

> Of no distemper—of no blast he died,
> But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long,
> Even wondered at because he drooped no sooner:
> Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,
> Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,
> Till like a clock, worn out with eating time,
> The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

A GAME OF CHANCE.—Every expedient has been resorted to by some persons to avoid a draft. The latest dodge we have heard related, is told of one who, having been examined forvarious diseases and pronounced sound as to all of them, fell back upon the *morale* of the question, and declared a draft to be immoral and unconstitutional, because it is a game of chance!

CANINE.—The young girls in one part of Bohemia get up before daybreak, go and sit, distaff in hand, upon a dog-kennel, and there spin for a few minutes, thinking thereby to secure to themselves a good year's work. It is supposed that from this practice, the term "working like dogs" arose.

JONESEY'S DISCOVERY.—Jones has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that a "little difference" frequently makes many enemies, while a "little distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

INTREPIDITY.—David Fender, "popping the question" in a letter, concluded thus:—"And should you say 'yes,' dear Mary, I will truly be your D. Fender."

PRUDENCE ILLUSTRATED.—A school teacher of Chesterfield, Mass., of the familiar name of Smith, eloped a few days since with a Mrs. Ring, the wife of one of the "prudential" committee.

BOATING.

Our eager crew, six merry boys,
In the completest sailor trim,
Row, laugh, and talk, with equal noise
The shining eddies whirl and dim:
Beneath each oar an azure cup,
With sudden silver bubbling up.

Alas! this bay of lovely nooks,
The boys' contemptuous call a pond,
Bend on the helmsman's anxious looks,
Assure him of dead calm beyond—
Yet loose the sail excitedly,
For he must turn the boat to sea.

And so before our vessels prow,
In one grand line meet wave and sky:
Oh, this exuberant stir and glow,
The strength and the uncertainty
May well the boyish spirit win
To its own nature, so akin!

The glory of the setting sun
Rains down a dust of gold behind,
A cloud cast shadow rests upon
The harbor rocks as moves the wind.
They gloom and glorify, a true
Magnificent dissolving view,

So we float on and on, then turn:
The boys, reluctant, furl the sail.
They see the beauteous waters burn,
But not the warning in the trail;
Steer for those rocks to see the cove
Called ours by right of treasure-trove—

A tiny inlet out of sight,
And cool behind its rugged screen,
Filled with a curious pale green light,
That ripples through the darker green.
So calm, so clear, the emerald flow,
We see the starfish move below.

The seaweed, purple, olive, red,
It might a mermaid's garden be;
So saith a child, whose curly head
Is glossed in its transparency.
Falls but a drop from rested oar,
We mark it dimpling to the core.

Again, out 'neath a crimson sky,
With flashings of a ruby tide,
In white relief those sea gulls fly,
Then a deep purple falleth wide:
The boys, enwrapt, repress their glee.
Hushed to unconscious poetry.

They choose, boy like, no plaintive hymn,
Nor suit the hour with quaint old song,
But, just aware of feelings dim,
Relieve them with a carol strong—
That flood, as with a storm of mirth,
The purple air, and sea, and earth.

Oh happy age! With quick rebound
Their very sighs come laughing back,
They catch their oars, 'mid jocund sound
The boat turns, dancing on its track:
One whirl of motion, song and glee,
Till we stand laughing on the quay.

THE LEAP FOR LIFE.

At the siege of Fort Henry, September, 1777, Major Samuel McCullough performed an act of physical daring second to none in the annals of the Revolution, and contrasted with which, Putnam's ride down the declivity at Horseneck pales into insignificance.

Fort Henry, situated near Wheeling creek, on the left bank of the Ohio river, had been erected for the protection of Wheeling, a small scattered village, containg about forty-five huts. On the evening before the siege, the inhabitants had received intimation of the approach of the Indians, and had one and all fled to the fort for refuge. Early in the morning the red-skins recommenced the attack; there were but forty fighting men within the fort, and of these, twenty-eight soon fell in unsuccessful sorties against the foe; but the remaining twelve stout, brave men, sharpshooters, whose unerring aim was seldom taken in vain, and who, when notorious Girty and his fellow warriors demanded the surrender of the fort, replied that it would never be given up while there was a living American within it. The siege then commenced in fearful earnest, but was bravely resisted, with desperate odds of twelve within, to four hundred without the walls. The women acted nobly on the occasion, casting bullets, making cartridges, loading rifles; and in every way assisting and inspiring the men. During a lull in the evening's attack, one of the besieged, Elizabeth Zane, volunteered to go to a house sixty yards from the fort, and get a keg of gunpowder which had been left there. The case was desperate: their ammunition was getting low, and Elizabeth urged that her life was of less importance to the garrison than that of a man. Reluctantly permission was yielded to her. She left the fort, and within full view of the savages, fearlessly proceeded to the house. They watched her closely, and as she flew forth toward the fort, with the keg in her arms, a volley of shot was poured around her. But the noble girl escaped unhurt, and entered the fort amid the cheers and blessings of the besieged. In a few hours the Indians renewed the attack, continuing it throughout the night. They converted a hollow log into a field piece, bound it with chains, loaded it to the muzzle with stones, pieces of iron, etc., and discharged it against the gates of the fort. It burst into a thousand pieces, scattering the contents in every direction; several Indians were killed by the explosion, but not a picket of the fort was injured.

At sunrise, succor reached the exhausted garrison. Colonel Swearingen, with fourteen soldiers, effected an entrance into the fort without any loss, and an hour or two later, Major McCulloch arrived with forty mounted men. The entire forty, with some desperate hand to hand fighting, succeeded in entering, but their brave commander was less fortunate. Intensely hated by the Indians, for he was one of their most notorious and skilfull foes, he at once became the centre upon which their malignity was concentrated. Burning with hatred and a desire for revenge, they crowded around him as he dashed forward in the rear of his men, and succeeded in cutting him off from the gate. Finding himself unable, after the most strenuous efforts, to accomplish his entrance, and seeing the uselessness of a conflict against such a force, he suddenly wheeled his horse and fled in the direction of Wheeling hill. A throng of warriors cut off his retreat in this direction, driving him back upon another party who blocked up the path behind; while a third party closed in upon him on one of the other sides of the square. The fourth and open side was in the direction of the brow of a precipitous ledge of rocks, nearly one hundred and fifty feet in height, at the foot of which flowed the waters of Wheeling Creek. As he momentarily halted and took a rapid survey of the dangers which surrounded him on all sides, he felt that his chance was indeed a desperate one. The Indians had not fired a shot; as they could easily have killed him had they chosen to do so, he saw at a glance their intention was to take him alive, if possibls, that his ashes might be offered up as a sacrifice to the names of their departed friends slain by his hand. This was to die a thousand deaths, in preferance to which he determined to run the risk of being dashed in pieces; and he struck his heels against the sides of his steed, who sprang forward toward the precipice. The encircling warriors, as they saw him so completely within their coils, raised a yell of triumph, little dreaming of the fearful energy which was to baffle their expectations. As they saw him push his horse in the direction of the precipice, they stood in wonder and amazement, scarcely believing that it could be his intention to attempt the awful leap, which was, to all appearances, certain death. McCulloch still bore his rifle, which he had retained in his right hand, and carefully gathering up the bridle in his left, he urged his noble animal forward, encouraging him by his voice, until they reached the edge of the bank, when, dashing his heels against the animal's sides, made the fearful leap into the air. Down, down they went with fearful velocity, without resistance or impediment, until one-half of the space was passed over, when the horse's feet struck the smooth precipitous face of the rock, and the remainder of the distance was slipped and scrambled over until they reached the bottom, alive and uninjured. With a shout, McCulloch pushed his steed into the stream, and in a few moments horse and rider were seen surmounting the banks on the opposite side.

No pursuit was attempted, nor was a shot fired at the intrepid rider. His enemies stood awe struck upon the brow of the bank whence he had leaped, and as he disappeared from view, they returned to the fort. They did not long continue their unavailing efforts, however, for its capture; the numerous additions it had received to its garrison, the fearlessness exhibited in its defence, together with the feat they had witnessed, disheartened them; and early in the morning, after burning the village and capturing its entire stock of cattle, they beat a hasty and ignominious retreat.

SOMNAMBULISM.—Miss Chamberlain, of Templeton, a young lady of good character, abilities, and education, went to Westminster a short time since, to teach school. In the early part of the night, on the third day of her school, after having retired to her room, she got up in a somnambulic state, dressed herself carefully, and left the house without arousing any of the inmates—who did not miss her till, she not answering the call to breakfast next morning, they went to her room and found it deserted. Some time during the latter part of the night the young lady's father was awakened by some one rapping at his door. He got up, and on opening the door, found his daughter upon the step. As she entered, she asked for a glass of water, and having drank, went directly to the chamber she had been accustomed to occupy, and commenced preparations to retire to bed, when she awoke, and was astonished to find herself at her father's house, instead of her boarding place, eleven miles distant. As might have been expected, she was much fatigued by her long walk, but no serious consequences resulted, and after remaining at home for a few days, she returned to Westminster, where she resumed her school.

BY ALL MEANS.—If you doubt whether to kiss a pretty girl, give her the benefit of the doubt and go in.

HELL BRIDGE;

OR,

A LIFE AND DEATH CONTEST.

There is a narrow pass, between the mountains in the neighborhood of Bendearg, in the Highlands of Scotland, which, at a little distance, has the appearance of an immense artificial bridge thrown over a tremendous chasm; but on nearer approach is seen to be a wall of nature's own masonry, formed of vast and rugged bodies of solid rock, piled on each other as if in the giant's sport of the architecture. Its sides are in some places covered with trees of a considerable size; and the passenger who has a head steady enough to look down, may see the eyrie of birds of prey beneath his feet. The path across is so narrow, that it cannot admit of persons passing; and, indeed, none but natives would attempt the dangerous route, though it saves a circuit of three miles; yet, it sometimes happens that two travellers meet, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a view across from either side; and when this is the case, one lies down, while the other crawls over his body. One day, a Highlander walking along the pass, when he had gained the highest part of the arch, observed another coming leisurely up, and being himself one of the patrician order, called to him to lie down! The person, however, disregarded the command, and the Highlanders met on the summit. They were Cairn and Bendearg, of two families, in enmity to each other. "I was first at the top," said Bendearg, "and called out first; lie down that I may pass over in peace." "When the Grant prostrates himself before M'Pherson," answered the other, "it must be with a sword through his body." "Turn back then," said Bendearg, "and repass as you came." "Go back yourself, if you like it," replied Grant; "I will not be the first of my name to turn before the M'Phersons." They then threw their bonnets over the precipice, and advanced with a slow and cautious pace closer to each other. They were both unarmed. Stretching their limbs, like men preparing for a desperate struggle, they planted their feet firmly on the ground, compressed their lips, knit their brows, and fixing firm and watchful eyes on each other, stood prepared for an onset. They both grappled at the same moment; but, being of an equal strength, were unable to shift each other's position—standing fixed on the rock, with suppressed breath, and muscles strained to the "top of their bent," like statues carved out of the solid stone. At length, M'Pherson, suddenly removing his right foot so as to give him greater purchase, stooped his body, and bent his enemy down with him by main strength, till they both leaned over the precipice, looking downward into the terrible abyss. The contest was as yet doubtful, for Grant had placed his foot firmly on an elevation at the brink, and had equal command of his enemy, but at this moment M'Pherson sunk slowly and firmly on his knee, and, while Grant suddenly started back, stooping to take the supposed advantage, whirled him over his head into the gulf—M'Pherson himself fell backwards, his body partly hanging over the rock—a fragment gave way beneath him, and he sunk further—till, catching with a desperate effort at the solid stone above, he regained his footing. There was a pause of death-like stillness, and the bold heart of M'Pherson felt sick and faint. At length, as if compelled unwillingly by some mysterious feeling, he looked down over the precipice. Grant had caught with a death-like gripe by the rugged point of a rock—his enemy was almost within reach. His face was turned upward, and there was in it horror and despair, but he uttered no word or cry. The next moment he loosed his hold, and his brains were dashed out before the eyes of his hereditary foe: the mangled body disappeared among the trees, and his last heavy and hollow sound arose from the bottom. M'Pherson returned home an altered man. He purchased a commission in the army, and fell bravely in the wars of the Peninsula. The Gaelic name of the place where this tragedy was acted signifies Hell Bridge.

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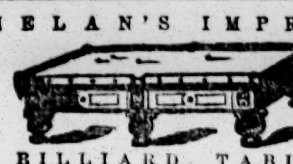

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 395.

DRAMATIC.

sufficient to say that "nobody was hurt," and the "pious divine" earned his salary, notwithstanding he took his text from a leaf of the drama.

W. W. Pratt, the business manager of the New Tremont, Boston, in a letter to the CLIPPER, says:—"The abortive attempt of an opposition French company, under the direction of M. Juignet, to kill the enterprise of Mrs. English, in producing French vaudevilles at her theatre, has proved a decided failure—full houses nightly have greeted the appearance of Mathilde Lauretti, Bertha Morrell, Emile Glatigny, &c., &c. The neat and compact size of the New Tremont gives a decided preference to the place for such representations. Our audiences have been composed of the *elite* of our city, and the French patrons manifest their enthusiasm by nightly calling Mathilde Lauretti before the curtain. One would scarcely enjoy a vaudeville in the spacious Boston Theatre, while at the New Tremont the audiences feel as if they were enjoying an entertainment in their own private parlor. The company are engaged for a long period of time, and they will continue to perform independent of all charitable aid by way of subscription."

Señorita Cubas closed a very successful engagement on the 21st at Chicago. On the 23d, she was announced for one week only at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati. On the 30th inst., she commences a three weeks' engagement at Louisville, Ky.

R. E. J. Miles had a very good benefit at the Pittsburgh Theatre on the 20th. "Rookwood" and "Make Your Wills" were the pieces selected for the occasion. Business continues excellent at this house, and Manager Henderson spares no pains or expense to satisfy the amusement-loving public of Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Barrow's benefit at the Boston Museum, on the 20th inst., was crowded from floor to ceiling. E. A. Sothern's (Dundreary) adaptation of "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" was presented with unexampled strength."

Miss Maggie Mitchell's benefit and last night at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on the 28th, was the largest house of the season. Miss Maggie gave her original character of Fanchon, in the play of that name. A matinee was the order for Saturday afternoon, when "Fanchon" was given for the last time. In the evening they put on the "Gunmaker of Moscow" and "Gale Breezely." Miss Mitchell was to open at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on the 23d. Mr. John E. Owens commences at the Howard Athenæum this evening, March 23, in "Dot, or Cricket on the Hearth."

The audiences at Jane English's New Tremont are said to be very fashionable and select. Ballet and pantomime are the order of biz. On the 20th and 21st, the performance commenced with "Pas de Fumee, Sans Feu!" if you know what that means.

Mr. J. C. Foster and his troupe of pantomimists succeed Adah Isaacs Menken at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore.

John Wilkes Booth terminated his engagement at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on the 21st inst.

Wyzeman Marshall has secured the services of Mons. Paul Juignet's star company of French comedians, seventeen in number, for the Boston Theatre, and they are to commence in "Camille" this evening, the 23d. They are said to be on for one week only.

On Saturday, the 14th inst., occurred the last representation of the "Seven Sisters" at the Theatre Royal, Toronto, C. W. Business has not been so good during the past week. Den Thompson took a benefit on Wednesday night, when was performed "Brian Boroihme," "Sharp Practice," and "The Irish Emigrant," assisted by Mr. C. P. De Groot and Sidney Smith, of Buffalo.

The idea of a new theatre being erected on Washington street, Boston, is ventilated in that city, but is looked on with disfavor, considering that five theatres are already open to "public patronage" and if a sixth was added, it would be one too many. A new theatre, not as small as the Howard or quite as extensive as the Academy, located at the South End—somewhere in the vicinity of Boylston street, or Washington street, we think would prove a paying concern. Start the machine, ye solid men of Boston. "No harm trying it on," as the culprit said, when he endeavored to squeeze himself through a hole in the law.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn, appears to be the goal at which the evening pedestrians in the City of Churches wish to arrive; in fact, business during the past week has been better than ever before. Mr. Hooley knows well how to cater to suit the public tastes, and we are of opinion that he has now struck that tide that Shakespeare speaks of, where a fortune lays just t'other side.

Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels appear to revel in change. They announce a change of time for commencing, 7½, P. M.; a change in the company, or rather an addition, Eph Horn, and the change rolls in so fast, in consequence, that their worthy treasurer has hard work to "keep track of it." This latter change is accounted for by the constant change in the programme. "Variety, or change, is the spice of life," is a trueism that their enterprising manager, Lon Morris, Esq., sees the force of, and applies the principle to minstrelsy at their opera house; hence their success. We regret to learn of the sickness of Johnny Pell, who has been suffering for some days from an attack of pleurisy, so that he has been unable to take his accustomed place "on the end," Eph Horn filling the duties in the meantime. Johnny's early recovery is predicted, and we sincerely hope it may be so. Eph's engagement, which commenced on the 16th, was only for two weeks. So far, it has proved flattering to him, and profitable to the Brothers & Co.

Campbell's Minstrels, who closed at the Baltimore Museum on the 14th, have given entertainments since then in the towns lying between Baltimore and Philadelphia, and between Philadelphia and New York. They were at Newark, N. J., on the 18th, 19th, and 20th. We omitted to mention in our last that Mr. Campbell has effected an engagement with those two great clog dancers, Dick Sands and Tim Hayes, who now perform regularly with the troupe. The company as now organised is a pretty strong one, and the manager is a real Campbell, one of the pioneers in the minstrel business. This week the company will wend their way eastward, towards Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, etc.

One of the most successful minstrel bands ever organised is that of Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge, in Boston. Before this organization came into existence, Ordway's Æolians was a fixture in that city, and they did a very fair business; but with the advent of the Morris party, a new order of things was introduced, more in accordance with the demands of the times. They gave such attractive entertainments, and introduced such clever performances, that the concern at once came into public favor, and they have increased in popularity ever since, and now their hall cannot accommodate their numerous audiences. They give novelties in rapid succession, and the local hits never fail to tell upon their audiences. The proprietors are now reaping the profits of their labors.

Sanford's Opera Troupe were on their fourteenth annual visit to Pittsburgh, Pa., last week. Dougherty on the Cry-sis, and Sammy Sanford's Romeo, as performed by him 27,000 times, are not only original—they are inimitable. Ye Salvage Maidens, or Poco Hontas, was the afterpiece, and a new fourteen-act-sheet-iron tragedy was in rehearsal, to be brought out "when this cruel war is over." It am a fac, jes as we tole ye.

Gov. Sprague, not of R. I., but of Sprague's Minstrels and Cornet Band, at Odd Fellows' Hall, Nashville, Tenn., is spreading immensely. The hall has been renovated, a new stage has been built, new scenery put in, and new decorations, until, in the words of a correspondent, "it is made a complete theatre." The manager left on the 11th for Cincinnati, to seek for talent. Lynn Vern is at this house, and draws like a Pennsylvania cart horse, and hundreds of people have been turned away on some evenings. Mazeppa burlesqued, in which Lynn Vern was to introduce his mule Tam O'Shanter, was to be the attraction for the 14th. Gus Shaw, Billy Sweatman, Tim Woodruff, F. Berger, J. Sylvia, and La Belle Louise, with others, know well how to keep the fun all alive, oh; and verily, they reap their reward. So much for enterprise.

The Campbell Minstrels having struck tent and departed from Baltimore, are now on a tour, and with the numerous and talented company they now have, look forward with "great expectations" for success, which we hope may be fully realised. The champion clog dancers, Dick Sands and Tim Hayes, are recent popular additions to their forces. The sands of life haven't half run out of 'em, and timothy hay is said to be the best kind of fodder on which to laugh and grow fat. On the 13th, while at the Baltimore Museum, the manager, M. C. Campbell, gave a splendid Etruscan Silver Pitcher, valued at sixty dollars, for the best original conundrum. Among the many very good ones read on the stage, and of which the audience were the arbiters, was the following written by Mrs. Molly Booker and sent to her husband, Johnny Booker, a member of Campbell's company, viz., Why might Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, be considered a great ladies' man?.....Because he saved Annitietam from disgrace, and restored Mary-land to her loyal parents. That's so, like a book, and so thought the audience, who hurrahed "somely."

Duprez & Green's Minstrels after doing a most excellent business at Quebec, made tracks straightway for Kingston, C. W., the former place being rather too near the frigid zone for comfort at this season. They appear at Toronto at the beginning of this week.

Last week was an eventful one for Arlington, Donniker and Leon's Minstrels at Chicago, as it was the first week there of "Peter Pipes, or the Man About Town;" first week of the Gibble Gobble Family; first week of Maggie by My Side, and other comical and sentimental scintillations; also, the first week of their new tenor, H. Stanford. Brisk business is reported.

Col. T. Allston Brown dropped from the clouds or elsewhere, into Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 20th, and was off again like a shot.

Sam Sharpley's Iron Clads, "the autocrats of Ethiopia," gave their second grand concert at Odd Fellows' Hall, Wheeling, Va., on the 20th. They make a big gun of little Archie, the Trojan balladist, and Sam Sharpley and his banjo is said to be a big thing multiplied by several. J. F. Sullivan, the balladist and tenor, is with the Iron Clads, and his dulcet notes are much admired. Business—"as per previous quotations."

Simmons' Minstrels were at last accounts playing at Newark, O., Col. T. Allston Brown, their agent, has left them, and is at present in this city.

From Chicago we learn that business in the show line has been unusually active of late. Arlington, Leon & Donniker's Minstrels, at Kingsbury Hall, continue to do well in the Ethiopian line.

Duprez & Green's minstrels are "billed" for next Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, at Music Hall, Toronto, C. W.

Sharpley's Minstrels are expected in Dayton, Ohio, on the 27th and 28th inst. The following is a copy of the song which seems to have given such offence to the radicals of Cleveland during Sharpley's recent visit there:—

Now it's what is the use
Of all this jangleating and fighting,
Botheration to a country forlorn;
Why don't they tend to business,
Building boats and making railroads,
Let us darkies hoe de cotton and de corn;
For it's Massachusetts here,
South Carolina there—
Disturb this happy Union with their growl;
The one says they're right, the other says they ain't,
And Uncle Sam has got to stand it all.
Now what can a poor nigger do?

What a deuced shame it is,
That this secession revolution
Am a bursting up the business of the land:
While trade and navigation, merchandise and speculation,
Has nearly all come to a stand.
The crops won't be sowed, and the meadows won't be mowed,
Kase there is nobody left for to 'tend 'em;
There's scarcity, it seems, of cabbage, peas, and beans,
Kase there's nobody home for to send 'em.
Now what's a hungry nigger going to do?

Frank Moran has left Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, and Johnny Wild has since been engaged by them.

MUSIC HALLS.

Military Hall, Philadelpia, is being "gutted," preparatory to its occupancy by Mr. Bergner, who intends to fit up a fine music hall in a portion of it. Bergner has the saloon under the old post office, but since the new office has been opened, Bergner's patronage has fallen off, so he has taken Military Hall, in Library street, nearly opposite the rear of the new post office, which he intends fitting up in capital style.

The Melodeon, St. Louis, is closed, except when used occasionally for masquerade balls.

The spectacle of Ondine at the Bowery, St. Louis, has given place to the reproduction of "Harlequin Tom, the Piper's Son." F. S. Sprung has been unable to perform, in consequence of having the small pox. It is probable he may be able to attend to his duties this week. J. T. Boyce has gone to Memphis.

Miss Fanny Gilmore, now singing at Long's Varieties, Philadelphia, has made quite a hit in the rendering of the beautiful ballad, "All Quiet Along the Potomac." She has a very pleasing manner, with a good voice, and her appearance is also in her favor. Miss Gilmore is equally good in comic and sentimental songs. Miss Melinda Nagle, danseuse, shows great improvement since we last saw her. Old Tom Wilson, banjoist, one of the old stock, but almost equal to the new school of banjoists, is also engaged at the Varieties, nightly meeting with the greatest tokens of approbation. Geo. R. De Lewis, and his dog Jenny Lind, are not the least among the attractions at this house, the performance of the dog being really extraordinary, and, unless seen, scarcely credible. Altogether, Mr. Long has a very clever little company gathered around him, and the house is nightly crowded, and great credit is due to the manager, Billy Matthews, the Ham Fat Man, for the present success of the establishment.

Signor Albertini Cheriski, whose challenge to compete with him on the wire remains unaccepted, is drawing well at Fox's Casino, Philadelphia. The last twelve nights of Fattie Stewart are announced, and Mr. B. Yates and M'lle. Zoe are underlined for April 6th. Miss Nellie Howard, female jig dancer, is in her second week here. The cosy little Casino is doing its full share of business.

Among the new faces this week at the Continental, Philadelphia, are those of the Misses Julia and Lola Hudson, Miss E. Lester, danseuse, from the Western theatres, and Mr. J. N. Carr, pantomimist. W. S. Budworth is back again. There's no rest for Tony Pastor, when he once shows himself, until he favors the patrons of the Continental with his popular selections from the Dutch opera, as he styles it. Geo. W. Smith and Miss Kitty Blanchard, in their dances, are well received.

From Norfolk, Va., we have a communication from Messrs. Dulany and Stuart, dated March 20, in reference to their recent opening and close, by which it appears, that they came to grief through the neglect of others, and rather sharp practice of the military authorities. We here give as much of the communication as is of interest to the public:—"We had advertised, as you know, to open at Johnson's Hall, Thursday evening, March 12th. Everything looked well, till just as we were about to light up for the evening's performance, a Provost Guard appeared, with orders for us to close: it was then seven o'clock, and we had advertised performance to commence at eight. We went to the Provost Marshall's office to see what the matter could be, but not finding him in, went to Gen. Viele, from whom we found out there was a misunderstanding about the military license, the fault of the proprietors of the Hall. We, however, quickly arranged matters, but by the time we got the hall open, it was a quarter of eight, and a large crowd, which had previously assembled, waiting for the doors to open, having got tired of waiting, and probably thinking we would not get open that evening, had most of them dispersed. We opened, however, and went through with the performance to an ordinary house. The next evening, although we had thoroughly re-billed the town during the day, the audience was quite shy, and we decided that our best plan was to pull up stakes and travel before we got run ashore, so we left Saturday afternoon. One thing, however, we brought our company all out safe and paid all our bills, and I believe that we owe nobody anything. We shall start again soon with a first-class company, our motto being 'Never say die.'"

The Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., under the management of W. C. Smyth, still continues to flourish. It has one of the best companies now performing there that has ever appeared in any of the concert halls west of the mountains, and the denizens of the Smoky City know how to appreciate it. On the 20th Harry Leslie was favored with a package of costly "stage fixins," and the charming little comedienne, Miss Jennie Dumont, was the recipient of a beautiful diamond ring. Rumor says Leslie is shortly to have a benefit, when he will perform the difficult feat of *running* upon a tight rope from the stage to the gallery with a man on his back. The popularity of the Duval sisters, Star Sisters Augusta and Marie, M'lle. Brignoli and Maggie Wilson, is still undiminished.

The old Drury of the West, late Beller's Concert Hall, is to be re-opened on or about April 2nd, under the proprietorship of Messrs. Josh Hart and Bretty, with C. Covelli as stage manager. By their announcement in our advertising columns, it will be seen that talent of every variety is sought for by them. Let the people make immediate application.

Johnson's Hall, Norfolk, Va., is again closed, Messrs. Dulany and Stuart having beat a retreat for strategic reasons elsewhere explained. They are now travelling with their company, which includes Wm. T. Dulany, J. W. Ward, Billy Chambers, Bob Hall, Geo. Stuart, M'lle. Geraldine, Rose Vollandt, Sallie Wesner, Bubla Wolbert, Miss Martin, Anna Edwards and Miss May.

They have a powerful team at the Gaiety Music Hall at Harrisburg, Pa, and "How Are You, Greenbacks?" draws the greenbacks amazingly. Among the people there, are Miss Laura Bernard, Miss Louisa Payne, Miss Rose La Forrest, M'lle Josephine, Mrs. Julia Edwards, J. G. H. Shorey, J. H. Young, Harry Warfe, Wm. H. Brownell, J. H. Donell, J. Andria Jardella, Bob Edwards, and Signor Bliss, who walks the ceiling.

At Carr's Melodeon, Buffalo, recent additions have been made to the company, notwithstanding they already had a numerous one. Among the "new people," are Geo. Winship, who commenced on the 13th, and Miss Clara Day, songstress, both of whom are much liked. Being the only place of amusement there, they are having things all their own way, and driving business on the high-pressure principle. The programme is made up with an excellent selection of all sorts.

Johnny Wild has left the Canterbury, Philadelphia, and is now with Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, doing end business in place of Frank Moran. Whether Moran ran wild or not, we know not, but he ran for New York, anyhow.

Sam Long has joined Whittaker's circus on Market street, Philadelphia, because none of the music halls there wanted a comic singer at present.

Frank Rivers, who was arrested in Springfield, Ill., at the suit of Miss Jennie Johnson, for arrears of salary, $118, gave bail for his appearance to answer in April. As we stated in our last, the company is now under the management of Charley Morris.

The Washington Varieties and Temple of Gaiety has a large muster roll of genius, and everything is offered to please the eye, delight the ear, and charm the mind. The young prima donna, Miss Richings, grows nightly in grace and favor, while the fascinating dancer, just verging into "sweet sixteen," Miss Florence, keeps the interest alive in the Terpsichorean line. M'lle Lizetta, Miss Ada Tesman, and the Misses Charles, Whiting, Duval, Lester, and De Vere, are all as near perfection as possible for any one to be. The male force, Geo. C. Dobson, Levi Brown, Fred May, Sam Long, Budworth, and Kerns, in their respective roles, are a match for the best, and with Jeems Pilgrim for manager, Ben Yates, maestro de ballet, Thomas Simpson, leader of orchestra, everything goes off to the satisfaction of the great body of the amusement seekers at the capital.

The "Red Man of Agar," Baker, has come to grief in Leavenworth, Kansas, the excise officer having seized a portion of his "things" for monies due.

Mons. Fouche, now at the New Idea, New York, will probably go to the Washington Varieties, next week. Dick Watkins and wife are also to appear there.

Blake & Hayes are to open their music hall at Toledo, Ohio, on or about the 10th of April.

The Metropolitan Varieties, Detroit, is said to be doing an immense business, under the management of Jacobs & Welsh. We gave a list of the company in our last.

It is mentioned that Mr. Bayless, who is travelling with a company in Michigan, still advertises the names of J. H. Carle, and Estelle and Celestine, who have not played with him for two or three weeks.

Robert Gardener and Harry Enochs, proprietors of the Canterbury, Philadelphia, are giving a very clever entertainment just now, at their hall on the corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets. Before commencing the performances on the stage, the brass band connected with the establishment appears in front, and enlivens the streets with the harmony of their music.

M'lle Brignoli, the very popular danseuse, vocalist, and violinist, has withdrawn from Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, and joined Allen's forces of the Melodeon, in the same city. A correspondent informs us of a little incident that occurred at Trimble's one night last week, of which the above artist was the heroine. While singing one of her very popular songs, and accompanying herself on the violin, she spoke of the gallant little Mac as the next President. An individual in the audience immediately set up a great hissing, which was as quickly drowned by outbursts of applause. As soon as order was restored, Brignoli came forward and said that she did not like to be hissed, but at the same time would take a great deal in defence of the brave McClellan. M'lle Brignoli is an immense favorite with the Pittsburghians, being encored every night from six to eight times. She plays the violin exceedingly well, sings with much taste, and dances with considerable grace.

The Dearborn Street Opera House, Chicago, reopened on Saturday, 14th, with a variety company. They are doing a good business. A good singing woman, danseuse, and gentleman ballad singer, can get an immediate engagement there, we are informed.

Our Toronto, C. W., correspondent says, writing on the 21st: "I have just heard by telegraph, that the Music Hall, Simcoe, C. W., has been burnt down."

CIRCUSES.

J. Day, the performing clown, well known to managers of circuses, is looking around for a chance to crack his jokes, work off his witticisms, and cut up his kadidoes. Secure him, Mr. Manager, before it is all day with you. See his advertisement.

A. P. Ball, "the Central New York showman," intends catering for big biz. this season, and to that end advertises, as will be seen elsewhere, for an eighty-feet round-top canvas, two acrobats, and a danseuse. He starts out from Utica on May 10th. We hope the people will keep the ball rolling by large patronage.

At Whittaker Amphitheatre, Philadelphia, several fresh attractions are engaged for the present week; among them are Tom King, M'lle. Virginie, M'lle. Marie, Wm. Smith.

Circus companies are all busily engaged in perfecting their arrangements for the tenting season of 1863. It is thought that the season will be prosperous, and there will no doubt be lively competition among the various travelling companies. Nearly all will be on the move by the latter part of April.

Chiarini's Circus in Havana is doing an immense business, having no opposition whatever. Some of the boys are on their way home to join some of the companies about to start from this city shortly.

Frank Barry, the American bare-back rider, had terminated his engagement at Sanger's Circus, was going to start for Germany, to join Carrie's Circus, where Billy Armstrong is performing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Bohemian Troupe of Glass Blowers, blow in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., for one week, commencing March 23d.

"The Gymnastic Club" give a Grand Masquerade and Fancy Dress Ball, in Union Hall, New Haven, Conn., March 23d.

Artemus Ward lectured to overflowing houses in Troy, Albany, Newark and Binghampton, last week. He now goes West, visiting Dunkirk, Cleveland, Toledo, St. Louis, &c.

The fourteenth annual concert of the Orchestral Union was given at the Boston Music Hall, on the afternoon of the 18th inst. to a crowded house, under the conductorship of Carl Zerrahn.

M. Salom lectured at Melodeon Hall, Boston, the past week, to moderate audiences. His subject was Humbug. He undertook to expose Barnum, Humbug in the Nursery, School, Courtship, Business, Brains, Energy & Co., Physic, Church, Law Courts, Legislative Halls, and Humbug in Death. "The lecturer having got his audience to the Grave, leaves them to enjoy themselves," and all for 10 cents.

J. Grau, Operatic Manager and Director, on the last night of the opera in Boston, was tendered a complimentary (or tendered it himself perhaps) on the 20th inst. The programme was the first act of "Norma," Mad. Lorini as Norma; and the entire opera of "Martha," with the following artists: Lady Henriette, M'lle. Kellogg; Nancy, M'lle. Morensi; Lionel, Sig. Brignoli; Plunkett, Sig. Susini; Tristram, Sig. Barili. On the afternoon of the 21st, the closing and farewell performance, an Italian and French opera were "rendered," "Linda di Chamounix" and "Les Noces de Jeannette," when M'lle. Cordier was to appear in her native language.

The Delevanti Brothers commence an engagement at the Newark Theatre this (Monday) evening, prior to going off with Thayer & Noyes' Circus.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence last week were giving their Grand National Entertainment at Tremont Temple, Boston. They give a parlor entertainment in connection with their Union Tableaux of the "Sunny South, Great West and Down East." What about "Up North?" Are we to be left out in the cold entirely?

A grand exhibition and prize medal drill of the Tremont Battalion of Zouaves, was given at the Music Hall, Boston, on the 18th inst.

Jackson Haines, the clever parlor skater; has been engaged by Manager Linden, of Toronto, for the last three nights of this week.

The Alleghanians have taken the classical town of Peoria, Illinois, by storm, or we should say by harmony, for every night they appeared it was the old story of big houses and appreciative audiences. On the 16th inst., while they were playing at Parmely's Hall, when an old-fashioned Irish air was being played by Mr. Bassford on the piano, the boys "couldn't be aisy at all, at all," but went to batin' time like good fellows. We know this is very annoying to some, but after all, what music is there like the Irish for getting the understandings going? It is hardly right to find fault with an excited audience for this breach of decorum; 'twere as well to plug up Niagara Falls as try to stop this sort of thing when the right kind of music is going, and goes to prove the stirring abilities of Mons. Bassford, "on the grand pianner." He is a pupil of the renowned Gottschalk. The beautiful chant, "Where shall the soul find rest," composed by Mr. Boulard, seems to have suited the Peorians better than anything else, although the entire programme gave general satisfaction.

Goodwin & Wilder's Panorama of the War is still on exhibition at the Masonic Hall, Indianapolis, Ind., to good houses. Mr. Rufus Somerby delivers a patriotic descriptive lecture every evening, and the Merrimac and Monitor follow in a sham duel, without endangering any risk of life or limb from the pesky balls and shells of the rebels.

The Cecilia Society of Cincinnati, are to give their second grand orchestral concert at Melodeon Hall on March 24. The programme embraces the celebrated Walpurgis Night, or the Eve of the First of May, by Mendelssohn, and other excellent compositions.

Miss Siddons, assisted by Prof. Sweet, Miss Stephens, Messrs. Barron, Powell, Boswell, and others, gave a concert in honor of St. Patrick's day at Coburg C. W., on the 17th inst.

La Rue's "Panopticon of the War" is now on its fourth week in the city of Rochester, New York. Whiston, the Humorist, also introduces ten or twelve of his comic characters during the evening's entertainment. Washington Hall, at which this exhibition is now being held, is a new hall, and one of the finest in the country; it is 90 by 70, well lighted, good stage appointments, fine dressing rooms, reasonable rent, and superintended by Mr. A. E. Fuller, who does all in his power to further the comfort and convenience of its occupants.

Doctor Colton's Laughing Gas has been in full blast at Troy, N. Y., periodically, for two weeks. His entertainment leads off with forty-five minutes' exercises by Father Reed's Old Folk's, a very fine quartette, by the by. Then comes the tug of war. At his last exhibition, a strongly built and strong minded woman of about 250 lbs. avoirdupois, when under the influence of the gas, seized the gay and festive doctor, and gave him a tremendous caterwauling and pummelling, to the sad discomfiture of his usually neat wig.

The first of three concerts in aid of the Sanitary Commission, has been given in Troy, N. Y., to a big house. The others will take place at intervals of a couple of weeks.

Prof. Manuel, formerly R. S. Manuel, of the boards, has been doing a heavy "biz." in the dancing line, at Troy, N. Y., this winter. His fortnightly assemblies, masquerades, and evening schools have kept him "bizzy," and now he is to be tendered a grand complimentary benefit by the "Married People's Terpsichorean Society," for whom he has arranged many dances, and whose floor has been under his supervision. He shortly resumes the boards, until next season, when he returns there again.

A singular show, called "Peters' Shell Flowers," has hung out at Rand's small hall, Troy, N. Y., for two weeks. The draw consists in prizes and gifts of shell work.

A first class panorama or diorama "Camera" thinks would do well in Troy, N. Y., for a short time, none having been visible for months.

AMATEUR.

For some reasons unknown to "deponent," the proprietors of a certain Hall in this city, after reaping the "solid comforts" derived from three or four year's constant patronage from our numerous Dramatic Societies, suddenly cuts them off, by refusing to lease their bandbox for English Dramatic representations. German clubs only are allowed to use the place. "Dat's goot!" The effect of this determination on the part of the proprietors to exclude the English clubs, will be one of great advantage to the Associations, as already the Burton club has taken measures to provide a more suitable exhibition room for its members to "tread the boards." The Hall, when completed, will be leased to other clubs. How are you band-box?

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL.
514 BROADWAY, 514
Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.
HENRY WOOD.....Sole Proprietor and Manager.
TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS.
CROWDED HOUSES.
DELIGHTED AUDIENCES.
ANOTHER CHANGE OF PROGRAMME
BY THE GREAT STAR TROUPE,
WOOD'S MINSTRELS,
MONDAY, March 23, and every evening during the week.
OTHELLO.
Othello.....Frank Brower. | Desdemona.....Nelse Seymour.
THE DUEL AND RECONCILIATION.
OUR AFRICAN COUSINS. SAMBO'S OPINION.
SMIGGY MCGLURAL. LET HER GO, &c.
By Charley Fox, Nelse Seymour, Frank Brower, Cool White, C. Henry, C. G. Lockwood, J. W. Glenn, H. Schwicardi, Isaacs Brothers, J. Garatagui, E. Haslam, J. Leis, M. Lewis, Little Bobby, &c.
Doors open at 6¾; commence at 7¾ o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN,
Cor. COURT & REMSEN STREETS.
R. M. HOOLEY.....Sole Proprietor.
E. BOWERS.....Director of Amusements.
T. B. PRENDERGAST.....Vocal Director.
Prof. STRAUB.....Instrumental Director.
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 23, and during the week,
UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS OF THE NEW PROGRAMME.
Great hit of FRANK MORAN,
The talented Ethiopian Comedian.
First appearance of C. G. LOCKWOOD,
The much admired Tenor.
First week of the Challenge Dance, by
MORAN, HUGHES, BOWERS, &c.
Continued success of E. BOWERS'
THE CARTE DE VISITE MANIA;
OR,
WILLIAMSON IN A DILEMMA.
Prendergast, Herman, Lockwood, Hunneman, Hempe, McNally, Riley, Wernig, Charles, Hughes, Moran, Bowers, &c., in Acts, Songs, Dances, &c.
Doors open at 6¾; to commence at 7¾.
Tickets 25 cents. Private Boxes $3. 50-

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 23,
Dion Boucicault's great sensation Drama of
THE PHANTOM.
GRAND SCENIC EFFECTS AND ILLUSIONS.
MR. G. C. BONIFACE....as.....Allan Rady and The Phantom.
Mr. J. W. Lingard.....as.....Doctor Reese.
Mr. B. Brookes.....as.....Davy.
Mrs. W. G. Jones.....as.....Lucy Peveryl and Ada Raby.
The Nautical Drama of
THE LARBOARD FIN,
And the domestic Drama of
GRACE HUNTLEY.
Tuesday, benefit of
MRS. W. G. JONES.
A most attractive bill will be presented. 50-

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY.
MONDAY March 23, and every evening during the week.
Mr. Wheatley, with much regret, begs to inform the public that under no circumstances can the engagement of Mr. and Miss RICHINGS be prolonged beyond Saturday evening, March 28, their early appearance in Boston making it necessary to announce this as being
POSITIVELY THE LAST WEEK
Of the highly successful Operatic Spectacle of the
ENCHANTRESS,
In which MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS, the celebrated American Prima Donna, as STELLA, the Enchantress, has elicited the approbation of the most
CRITICAL, REFINED, AND CROWDED AUDIENCES.
MR. PETER RICHINGS,
The eminent Artist, in his original character of Ramir, the Pirate,
And the Admirable Stock Company.
Embraces beautiful Scenery by J. H. Selwyn; charming Music, under the direction of Harvey B. Dodworth; splendid Costumes, perfect Appointments, grand Mechanical Effects, and a Grand Ballet unsurpassed, with the acknowledged Queen of Dance,
MLLE. ANNETTA GALETTI,
Mad. MARZETTI, Mlle. KATRINE, and a full Corps.
Friday next, farewell benefit of Mr. and Miss RICHINGS.
On Monday, March 30, the highly gifted Artiste
MISS MATILDA HERON,
Will have the honor of commencing an Engagement for a Limited Period, in the great Sensation Play of the day entitled
EDITH; OR, THE EARL'S DAUGHTER.
Seats secured three days in advance.
Box Book open from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Doors open at 7, to commence a quarter before 8 o'clock. 50-

MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.
THIS WONDERFUL YOUNG ARTISTE
Has just concluded a highly successful Engagement of
TEN WEEKS
At the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore.
Her great representation of
MAZEPPA,
Kept the boards for
FIFTY NIGHTS!!
She will commence at
PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE, CINCINNATI,
On Monday, March 30th, in
MAZEPPA,
Which will be produced in a style of splendor and magnificence
NEVER EQUALLED IN AMERICA. 50-2t*

THE OLD ORIGINAL AND ONLY
CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS.
M. C. CAMPBELL.....Manager.
THE NONPARIEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD,
SIXTEEN IN NUMBER,
Together with the Great Stars
DICK SANDS and TIM HAYES,
The Champion Clog Dancers of Europe and America,
Who will appear nightly in
FRIENDLY STRIFE FOR SUPERIORITY,
Both appearing on the Stage at the same time.
They will appear at the following places this week:
Paterson, March 23;
Albany, March 24, 25, and 26;
Troy, March 27 and 28.
Look out for the Mammoth Posters.
50-1t FRANK EDWARDS, Agent.

THE GREAT SOUTHERN
CONTRABAND TROUPE,
COMPRISING
TWELVE GENUINE AFRICANS,
Will shortly leave the United States for Europe, where they will give a series of their
UNIQUE AND ORIGINAL ENTERTAINMENTS,
IN
GENUINE NEGRO MINSTRELSY,
Embracing Singing, Instrumental Music, Jig Dancing,
And all that is included in legitimate Negro Minstrelsy.
They intend visiting
ENGLAND,
IRELAND,
SCOTLAND,
WALES,
FRANCE,
GERMANY,
And other Continental Nations.
This Troupe has been selected with great care from intelligent Negroes, or contabands, so called, who have preferred to leave their homes in the South to being longer oppressed by
IRON HEARTED TASK MASTERS.
As a Troupe, they are accomplished, intelligent, excellent musicians, and by no means inferior in the dramatic art.
Some of their
IMPERSONATIONS AND DELINEATIONS
ARE BETTER,
MORE REAL AND TRUE TO LIFE,
Than could possibly be given by white artists, as may be readily understood and believed.
The following are the names of this Real Colored Troupe, (no cork about it,) with the names of the Seceded States from whence they came:
PETER JOHNSON.....Georgia.
CYRUS BROWN.....Georgia.
JOHN TOPP.....Virginia.
ANDREW WILLIAMS.....Louisiana.
CHARLES MORRIS.....Louisiana.
RICHARD LITTLE.....Virginia.
WILLIAM D. PORTER.....Tennessee.
GEORGE D. TREADWELL.....North Carolina.
SAM CLINTON.....South Carolina.
CHARLES BEECHER.....South Carolina.
WILLIAM MURRAY.....Alabama.
THOMAS FRELANDO.....Tennessee.
THESE COLORED REFUGEES
Have placed themselves under the management of
THOS. BARBER,
To whom all communications on business should be addressed.
Present address, 444 Broome street, N. Y. 50-2t*

DETROIT,
LATE
BELLER'S CONCERT HALL,
THE OLD DRURY OF THE WEST,
And the only place that has always withstood the storm, will
RE-OPEN
On or about April 2d.
ARTISTS of all descriptions of acknowledged ability will find it to their advantage to address
HART & BRETTY, Proprietors,
Box 247, Detroit, Mich.
P. S. None but first class Talent need apply.
50-tf C. COVELLI, Stage Manager.

GREEN STREET THEATRE,
IN THE CITY OF ALBANY,
Will be Rented by the Week, Month or Season.
It will seat 1000 persons, is neatly upholstered, and has a large variety of Scenery, &c.
It has recently been used as a Concert Hall and Theatre.
Inquire of M. C. G. NICHOLS,
50-1t* 94 State street, Albany.

CONNER'S THEATRICAL, LITERARY, CONCERT, and Equestrian Agency, 614½ Broadway, up stairs. Wanted for JOSH HART, the celebrated Comedian, who has leased Beller's Concert Hall, Detroit, four first class Danseuses, two Singing Ladies, a good Banjoist, and three versatile performers. Mr. Hart will be in town March 25. All business letters must be addressed as above. J. CONNER & Co., Agents.
☞ All the new and popular pieces can be purchased, and Songs, Farces, Acts, Lectures, and Stump Speeches, written to order, at our office. J. C. & Co. 50-1t

AMUSEMENTS.

CLAPP, STANLEY & Co.'s, Monster Illuminated POLOPTICOMORAMA OF THE PRESENT WAR,
Is about leaving New York for a tour in the West, visiting the principal cities.
Managers of Theatres wishing to negotiate for summer months, can address W. B. CLAPP, 197 Broadway. 50-4t*

WANTED--
TWO ACROBATS AND A DANSEUSE.
None but good performers need apply.
Address A. P. BALL.,
50-1t* West Winfield, Herkimer county, N. Y.

WANTED--
AN 80 FOOT ROUND TOP CANVASS,
That has not been used more than one season, and now in good condition. Address A. P. BALL,
50-1t* West Winfield, Herkimer county, N. Y.

BANJO AND JIG DANCING TAUGHT BY JOHN J. BOGAN, 139 First Avenue, N. Y., at 50 cents per Lesson; 12 Lessons for $5. BOGAN'S celebrated Banjos on hand for sale from $7 upwards, and sent to any part of the country, on receipt of the money. N. B. On receipt of $1, I will send three written lessons on the Banjo or Jig Dancing. Address as above. 50-1t*

TO MANAGERS OF CIRCUSES.—TH. T. DAY, performing Clown, late of Robinson & Lake's Circus, also of Spaulding & Roger's Great Southern Circus, is now ready to negotiate with Managers for the coming season, at a reasonable salary. Address TH. T. DAY, Athens, Bradford county, Pa. 50-2t*

WANTED—A first-class Dramatist, one who understands French and German thoroughly. Apply at 371 Fourth street, east of Broadway, between the hours of 3 and 5 P. M. 50-1t*

J. F. SULLIVAN, BALLADIST and Leading TENOR, is now engaged with Sam Sharpley's Minstrels. His friends will please make a note on't. 50-3t*

THE THAMES CHAMPIONSHIP.—Considerable excitement continues to prevail in reference to the proposed regulations for this event in future, in aquatic circles in England. Nothing further of a definite nature has been done in reference thereto. Additional deposits of £25 a side for the event were to be made good by Chambers and Everson, on March 5.

CRICKET.—We have heard, as yet, of nothing very important on the docket by our cricketing friends; we presume, however, they are, as they should be, thinking of getting their grounds and material in the best condition possible, without which, good play is an impossibility.

DEERFOOT WINS AGAIN!--Deerfoot, as is recorded in our foreign column, has taken down another British ped., in a ten mile race for £50, winning by ten yards in the ten miles. Time, 52 min. 44 sec. Good for Deerfoot.

DEERY AND GOLDTHWAITE'S SECOND ENCOUNTER.—This event, which was played this afternoon, at Chris. Connor's saloon, in Union square, was won by Goldthwaite, by 249 points. As we go to press on Monday evening, we are unable to give more than the result.

THE ASSOCIATION OF JUNIOR BASE BALL CLUBS holds its annual meeting at Cooper Institute, on Wednesday evening, 25th inst. It is to be hoped that there will be a full attendance.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—Our Irish fellow-citizens had a grand gala day on the anniversary of their patron saint, March 17th, and New York was all alive. The procession was a grand one indeed.

THE COLLEGE EIGHTS.—The date for the great annual eight oared race between Oxford and Cambridge, has been fixed for April 1st.

THE WRESTLIMG CHAMPIONSHIP.

HARRY HILL TO MR. AINESWORTH.

We have received the following card from Mr. Hill, in reference to a match talked about between himself and Ainesworth. Some few days since, a bet of $20 was made that these men wouldn't make a match for $1,000 a side within thirty days, and this is what Harry Hill has to say about it:

EDITOR CLIPPER—The friends of Mr. Ainesworth, having literally defied me to a wrestling encounter with the American Champion, I hereby publicly notify them that I accept the challenge, and will wrestle the collar and elbow hold, first fall, for the sum of $500. I would designate four weeks hence as the time, and New York as the locality, and, if demurred to, will toss for the settlement. It was never my purpose to enter as a professional; but, being bade "to put up or shut up," I have felt disposed to evade the public requirement. HARRY HILL,
March 26. No. 26 East Houston street.

Lieutenant Ainesworth is the same gentleman who recently contested with Bunnell, in Jersey City. He also vanquished Fuller some years ago. Harry Hill had a match with Fuller, getting one fall, the first to the other's two. It was for $500, and came off at a noted hotel in Houston street. Mr. Hill has been proffered the services of Mr. Turner, of Connecticut, as trainer, and if the match goes on, it is likely to create quite a stir. We believe that the Lieutenant's friends have all the "greenbacks" ready, and are anxious to see the thing come to a head.

THE RING.

CON OREM SOON TO HAVE AN EXHIBITION.—The celebrated wrestler and champion of Colorado is still in the city, and will soon take a benefit here—probably next week. After that, we believe he goes on a visit to Pittsburgh, where Johnny Mackey is keeping a hotel. Con will also take a short trip to Columbus to see Professor Sweetman, in due course of time. He is having quite a long stay from his native mountains, and when he goes back to Pike's Peak, a royal greeting will await him.

LEW CLARK WANTS A GLOVE FIGHT.—The following document will be interesting to those "whom it may concern." In answering the same, however, we want to see some kind of a forfeit before too much paper talk. Run it over:—

BOSTON, March 16, 1863.

EDITOR CLIPPER: Hearing that Hobbs Dougherty has stated that he can beat me with the gloves, I take this opportunity to inform him that I will fight him a glove-fight for fifty or a hundred dollars in three weeks from date. I will forward twenty-five dollars to bind the match either to the CLIPPER, or at Johnny Reggio's, the Union House, Alden street, whichever may best suit him. LOUIS CLARK, Cottage Saloon, Howard st.

OPENING NIGHT AT MIKE HENRY'S SALOON.—There is to be a jollification and house-warming over in Brooklyn on Saturday night, given by that clever and even-tempered young boxer, Michael Henry, or "Gallus Mike" as we used to call him. We expect to find a large delegation from New York and all the Brooklyn sports. Don't let it escape your memory, but remember that it comes off on Saturday evening, March 28, at his great saloon, corner of Gold and Plymouth streets.

JIM DUNN'S BENEFIT IN BROOKLYN THIS EVENING.—"Young Benicia" has engaged the Phenix Theatre, 149 Court street, Brooklyn, for a great sparring entertainment. As the bills say, it *will* be a big thing, for our genial friend, Phil Clare, is going to have a few rounds with his nephew, Jim Dunn, independent of the wind-up between Dunn and Jimmy Elliot. The Phenix is a splendid place for the purpose, and the tariff is only 25 cents currency. To-night (Tuesday, March 24) is the night, then "come along, come along, make no delay," etc.

COULDN'T GET A LICENSE.—Johnny Healey, of Worcester, has been trying very hard to get the Mayor to grant a license for a sparring exhibition to be held there. It was intended for Izzy Lazarus to take a trip out there, but up to the time of going to press, the Mayor still held out. Johnny will make a final appeal to his honor some time this week.

THE WESTERN CHAMPION'S BENEFIT.—On Wednesday evening, March 25, Mr. M. McCoole makes his first and only appearance in this city at Mozart Hall, No. 659 Broadway, when all the fistic stars will lend their assistance. The wind up will be between McCoole and a celebrated "professional boxer." Master of Ceremonies, Mr. S. S. Davis. Tickets, 50 cents and $1. Give the Western Champion a cordial welcome!

CHALLENGE FROM "DUBLIN MIKE."—Mike Reagan is open to fight any novice at from 124 lbs. to 126 lbs., for from $100 to $500, a certain Brooklyn man preferred. Man and money ready at the Scranton Gymnasium, Luzerne Co., Pa., where Mike is teaching the manly art.

THE SCRANTON GYMNASIUM.—"Dublin Mike" has opened a gymnasium in the flourishing borough of Scranton, Pa., where he gives lessons in boxing either publicly or in private. Mr. Reagan is a clever young fellow, and deserves to get along.

AMUSING RACE.—We have seen horse races, scrub races, and steeple chases; but yesterday is the first time we ever saw a dog race—that is, a dog racing against a horse. A boy was driving a dog around the streets hitched to a sled, on which the driver, a precocious urchin of a dozen or fifteen years, was seated very complacently. Up drove a fast young man pretending to have a fast team, and challenged the juvenile to a race. Nothing daunted, off they went, neck and neck, for a moment or two, but finally the dog gained, and came in ahead. It was a very amusing race, and attracted considerable of a crowd.—*Portland Argus*, 13th.

BILLIARDS.

ASTONISHINGLY BIG BILLIARDS.—As announced in last week's CLIPPER, some of New York's billiard luminaries, including Messrs. Michael Phelan, Goldthwait and Kavanagh, paid a visit to Dean's saloon, at Montague Hall, Brooklyn, on the evening of the 19th, and performed several miracles with the cue, to the great astonishment of the people assembled. As we append the scores, it will not be necessary to recapitulate here, but we must take time and space to eulogise the play of Kavanagh and Goldthwait, particularly the latter, who seemed to excel himself on the occasion. The first game between Messrs. Phelan and Goldthwait was won by the latter, by 141 points in 300; another game of 300 points between the same gentlemen, on account of Kavanagh not then having arrived, was won by Goldthwait in miraculously short time, he taking but six turns at the cue, and making runs of 122, 56, and finishing with one of 129. The next, last, and most interesting set-to, on account of their being matched to play "for soap" shortly, was between Messrs. Kavanagh and Goldthwait, 500 points up, in which was exhibited by both, such execution and marvellous skill, that has seldom, if ever, been witnessed. Goldthwait led off for nix, Kavanagh put in for 90 beautifully, then both went into simple addition on a small scale for three turns, Goldthwait then struck out for 64, and leaving the balls nicely for Dudley, that artist made play for the big run of 295—130 of them without scarcely moving the balls. This put him within one of 300 ahead, and on the next turn he added 12 to his lead, and a win for him was set down as a foregone conclusion; but hold on! no you don't! my turn next! were exclamations not uttered, but acted upon by Goldthwait, and 205 was the total shouted by the game keeper for his next effort—still 100 behind. Never mind, Kavanagh makes no score, at it he goes again, and, will you believe it? runs 197, or 42 more than game. The unbounded excitement that followed we prefer to leave to imagination, rather than attempt a description. The game occupied but 47 minutes, and Goldthwait's average, including his surplus count, was within two points of 68, and Kavanagh's was over 64. These figures are sufficiently good to stamp them both champions, and we hope that after their forthcoming encounter for money, if not before, some sort of a testimonial will be gotten up complimentary to both of them, and as a reward for their very skilful achievements with the cue. The evening's entertainment was wound up by two games of 250 points between a Brooklyn and a New York amateur, both of which were won by the latter. Appended are the scores of the games played by the professionals:

PHELAN. Shot.	Count.	Total.	GOLDTHWAITE. Count.	Total.	PHELAN. Shot.	Count.	Total.	GOLDTHWAITE. Count.	Total.
1..	0....	0	0....	0	10..	0....	96	2....	193
2..	2....	2	12....	12	11..	5....	101	0....	193
3..	10....	12	0....	12	12..	4....	105	15....	208
4..	1....	13	7....	19	13..	21....	126	10....	218
5..	17....	30	0....	19	14..	1....	127	0....	218
6..	0....	30	44....	63	15..	0....	127	0....	218
7..	20....	50	35....	98	16..	8....	135	8....	226
8..	11....	61	44....	142	17..	3....	138	0....	226
9..	35....	96	49....	191	18..	21....	159	74....	300

Phelan.....	11,	3,	6,	2,	6,	0,				29
Goldthwaite,	122,	9,	0,	2,	56,	129,				318
Goldthwaite,	0,	6,	14,	21,	64,	35,	205,	197,		542
Kavanagh,..	90,	6,	3,	10,	295,	47,	0,			451

DEERY VS. GOLDTHWAIT.—We announced in our last, that it was highly probable that we should be able to give the result of the first match between these men in our next issue, and so it turns out. They met at the saloon of Mr. Michael Geary, in Courtlandt street, on the evening of the 20th, and there and then had the first set-to for $100 a side, 1,000 points up, at the four ball carom game, on one of Phelan's tables. Size of balls, 2⅜. Messrs. O'Connor and Geary acted as umpires, the former for Deery, the latter for Goldthwait, and the veteran, Mr. Michael Phelan, consented to accept the onerous post of referee. The game was long and tedious, and the play of both men was far below their usual standard, so that a description would be superfluous. Suffice it to say that both played on the safety principle pretty considerably, and high or even average counts were like angel's visits, few and far between. Deery, aided by not the best of good fortune, appeared as though trying to play a losing game, and his average, as will be seen by the score, is miserable, while Goldthwait's is nothing extraordinary, although he finally won by 530 points! and that is what Paddy gave the drum, be jabers. We might, with such an example, deduce a moral pungently applicable to our remarks of the past two weeks, in speaking of this match, but we forbear. The second game between these players, conditions ditto, is being played this (Monday) afternoon, at the saloon of Mr. O'Connor in Fourteenth street, which it is to be hoped, will be better and more evenly contested. The hope has been expressed that Deery will win, so as to make it one and one, and play a third. We hope he will not, not that we do not wish him all the success we do Goldthwait, but a suspicion has been started abroad, that the affair is a little arrangement in which things are cut and dried. We do not share in the suspicion, and it is for the reason that we wish an untarnished reputation to rest upon the billiard fraternity, that we express the hope that Goldthwait will win the match of to-day. Get up dead beat matches, and down goes billiards. See the score:

DEERY. Shot.	Count.	Total.	GOLDTHWAITE Count.	Total.	DEERY. Shot.	Count.	Total.	GOLDTHWAITE. Count.	Total.
1..	0....	0	4....	4	31..	0....	330	9....	484
2..	0....	0	2....	6	32..	5....	335	44....	528
3..	15....	15	1....	7	33..	1....	336	71....	599
4..	1....	16	56....	63	34..	8....	344	5....	604
5..	25....	41	57....	120	35..	3....	347	103....	707
6..	1....	42	93....	213	36..	35....	382	10....	717
7..	5....	47	52....	265	37..	0....	382	4....	721
8..	2....	49	0....	265	38..	2....	384	1....	722
9..	37....	86	0....	265	39..	2....	386	2....	724
10..	18....	104	4....	269	40..	5....	391	86....	810
11..	24....	128	17....	286	41..	1....	392	22....	832
12.	123....	251	8....	294	42..	0....	392	10....	842
13..	5....	256	1....	295	43..	0....	392	2....	844
14..	3....	259	0....	295	44..	3....	395	29....	873
15..	11....	270	7....	302	45..	0....	395	12....	885
16..	3....	273	6....	308	46..	0....	395	0....	885
17..	3....	276	0....	308	47..	1....	396	1....	886
18..	23....	299	6....	314	48..	4....	400	0....	886
19..	0....	299	109....	423	49..	3....	403	9....	895
20..	2....	301	9....	432	50..	0....	403	0....	895
21.	12....	313	2....	434	51.	11....	414	0....	895
22..	2....	315	0....	434	52..	3....	417	3....	898
23..	1....	316	3....	437	53..	0....	417	7....	905
24..	9....	325	2....	439	54.	20....	437	0....	905
25..	0....	325	0....	439	55..	2....	439	2....	907
26..	0....	325	0....	439	56..	0....	439	5....	912
27..	0....	325	18....	457	57..	3....	442	9....	921
28..	0....	325	12....	469	58.	19....	461	29....	950
29..	5....	330	3....	472	59..	8....	469	19....	969
30..	0....	330	3....	475	60..	1....	470	31....	1000

THE LATEST ZOOLOGICAL CURIOSITY.—Snarling curs pretending to write billiard articles in vulgar English. How are you, D. B.? What appropriate initials, to be sure.

BILLIARD CELEBRITIES IN PHILADELPHIA.—Several of our prominent billiard players are to take a run over to Philadelphia this week, to give a series of entertainments in Sansom-street Hall, in that city. Messrs. Kavanagh, Goldthwaite, Deery, Phelan, Estephe, and Bird, will give exhibitions of their skill at the beautiful game of billiards, the evenings of the 26th and 27th being selected for the play.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

From the Sporting Life, March 4.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND THE UNKNOWN, £200 A SIDE AND THE BELT.—There is really nothing reliable as to the identity of the Unknown, although all kinds of wild rumors are flying about. One of the last *canards* was that Nottingham would furnish the long-looked-for individual; and another, that he would be unearthed in a Yorkshire town. Nottingham, from its always having been notorious as a nursery for "good men," and the school where "Bendy" learnt and perfected those milling qualities which raised him to the Championship, may well be considered worthy of watching with an eye of interest, more especially as Young Ben Caunt—who has a "great eye" on the belt—claims it as his county town. The other town mentioned, noted for its cutlery-grinders and "edge-tools," does not lay claim to the Unknown as one of its honored sons, but does insist upon considering him a citizen to a certain extent, in consequence of his having for some time filled a subordinate situation at a licensed victualler's there. At the great mile and a quarter sweepstakes, which took place on Saturday, at Hyde Park, Sheffield, odds of 3 to 1 were offered that the Unknown was no other than Ned Price, who fought and beat Australian Kelly in America. However near the mark either of the above assertions may be, nothing definite can be known until Friday, March 27, when the Unknown has to be officially announced. Tom King is all alive, and earning golden opinions by the earnest manner in which he declares his intention to fight the winner of the battle between Jem Mace and Goss; or Mace, if he should defeat the Unknown! King was at Newcastle last week, and had a sparring benefit on Saturday evening, at the Music Hall, Nelson street. A large number of the Northern sporting division were present, who, although they do not patronise fighting much in that district, yet never by any chance miss a good display of the art of self-defence. After several good bouts, King and Young Broome were introduced, and the belt shown for inspection. King thanked the spectators for the kind manner in which they had patronised him, and remarked that previous to his contest with Jem Mace he informed his friends that if he succeeded in winning the belt he should leave the Ring; and that immediately after his late battle with Mace he told him that, as he had gained his highest ambition, he would fight no more. But, strange to say, Mace still persisted in challenging him, and he believed he would have stuck to his determination had those challenges not appeared, but was prepared to state that a match would be made perhaps much sooner than some people would like. King was much applauded when he concluded. The next deposit, of £25 a side, has to be staked to-morrow, March 5, at Jack Hick's, King's Arms, Whitechapel-road.

GREAT PEDESTRIAN EVENT.

SWEEPSTAKES OF 25 SOVS. EACH AND THE CHAMPION'S CUP, ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

Sheffield was all alive on Saturday, Feb. 28, and the principal streets and sporting houses were thronged with numbers of those who love a "bit of sport" from all parts of the country. The men who had to contend for the coveted trophy, the Champion's cup and £25 each, were Saunderson, Albison, Mills, and White, a brief *resume* of whose careers will be found below. The cup was first given to be run for by Mrs. Heathcote and Mr. J. Darley at the commencement of last year, and was won by Albison, beating Brighton, Mills, and Liversidge. The winner was then challenged by W. Lang, and the race excited great interest, a large amount of money being invested, and Lang won. Albison, not relishing his defeat, again challenged for it, and Lang, not being well, resigned it. White then challenged for it, and Albison, after a most exciting race, won by a yard, in 5 min. 33½ secs. This brings us to the present race. Mills challenged for it, and Sanderson and White entered into a sweepstakes, and put down their £25 each, allowed by the conditions on which the cup is held, the winner to take the £100 and the cup. On the day, the betting was 6 to 4 on the field, and 2 to 1 bar Sanderson, but on the London division investing a little coin on their champion, he was at once installed favorite, and ere the start, 5 to 4 was laid on him, 6 to 4 against Sanderson, and 4 to 1 against the two others. All looked in the finest possible condition, and seemed confident as to the result.

John White was born at Gateshead, and is now about twenty-six years of age; his performances have been so wonderful as to have impressed themselves upon the minds of our readers without need of recapitulation. Some of the most striking are his four and six miles races with Brighton, his mile and mile and a quarter with Albison, his two miles with Sanderson, and his six miles with Mills.

James Sanderson, (*alias* "Rap," *alias* "Treacle,") was born at Cow Clough, Whitworth, near Rochdale, where he now resides, on December 29, 1837. He is by trade a blacksmith, which he follows when not matched. He stands 5ft. 7in., and weighs about 8st 10lb. His reputation has been entirely earned in the provinces. Among his principal performances may be ranked his defeat of Jem Pudney, at the Copenhagen Grounds, Manchester, in a race of two miles, for £50 a side, on May 3, 1857. He defeated Job Smith, of Hulme, for the second time, on November 27, 1858, at the same grounds, distance two miles, for £50 a side, and suffered defeat from John Brighton, of Norwich, and John White, of Gateshead, in races of two miles. He next met and defeated Siah Albison, also at the Copenhagen Grounds, distance two miles, for £50 a side, on April 19. He also defeated John White, for the Champion's Cup, at Stockport.

Edward Mills commenced the present year most inauspiciously, being beaten by Deerfoot in a one hour's race, for £50 a side, at Hackney Wick, Jan. 12. He next suffered defeat by Marsh, of Brighton, £25 a side, five miles, Mills giving 350 yards' start, Hackney Wick, Jan. 29. Beaten by W. Lang, ten miles, £25 a side and the Champion's cup, Hackney Wick, Feb. 2. Beat Mower, £25 a side, one mile, Feb. 16. Beaten by Marsh, £25 a side, one mile, Mills giving seventy yards' start, Feb. 18, Brighton.

Siah Albison is a fine young fellow, weighing upwards of 11st, and stands 5ft 11in. high. He first saw the light at Bow Lee, near Middleton, on April 26, 1840. He was brought up to the business of a weaver. He first commenced operations within the pedestrian arena in handicaps, and soon after he began to give evidence of being a quick 440 yards runner, having once or twice performed very creditably. But his first great performance was winning the one mile belt at the Copenhagen Grounds, in August, 1860, having defeated John White, of Gateshead, by four yards; Charles Mower, of Norwich, Wm. Lang, of Middlesborough, and Job Smith. He next defeated William Lang, for the belt and £25 a side, on Oct. 27, being the swiftest one mile race on record, winning by one yard, in 4 min. 22½ sec., thus excelling Tom Hospool's time by three-quarters of a second, at the same grounds, on July 12, 1858. He was beaten by Chas. Mower, at the Copenhagen Grounds, on Dec. 22, 1860, for £25 a side and the belt; but he turned the tables on Mower at the same grounds, on March 23, 1861, for £25 a side and the belt. He was next successful against J. Hancock, of Salford, in a spin of 440 yards, at the Salford Borough Gardens, on March 31, 1860. Beat A. Liversidge, of Wath, distance half a mile, Albison having seven yards' start, at the Copenhagen Grounds, on April 28. Was defeated by Nuttall, of Barnsley, in a 440 yards race, for £50 a side, at the Copenhagen Grounds. Gave Lang, of Middlesborough, ten yards' start in half a mile, and beat him easily, on Sept. 23, 1861. Defeated John White, of Gateshead, for £25 a side and the one mile belt. White sprained his foot badly, and gave in when he had gone 734 yards. He again met and defeated White for the one mile belt and £100 a side, at the Copenhagen Grounds, on May 31. He next won the one mile and a quarter cup at Sheffield. Beat Lang, of Middlesborough, at Sheffield for the one mile and a quarter cup, for £25 a side. Defeated Charles Mower at the Copenhagen Grounds, for the one mile belt, which became his own property, having run for it eight times, out of which he only once suffered defeat, and that by C. Mower. Defeated George Beddow, of London, in a spin of 440 yards, at the City Grounds, Manchester, and was beaten by Sanderson, of Whitworth, at the City Grounds, for £50 a side, on Saturday, January 3, 1863, Sanderson receiving fifteen yards' start.

The race was set for five o'clock, and at ten minutes past, the men entered the course, Albison attended by Rocker, of Falsworth, and Sanderson by Billy Fish, of Royton, who had trained him. G. Beddow waited on Mills, and White was esquired by R. Bunn, of Norwich. Mr. James Darley filled the office of referee, and Mr. James Boothroyd fired the pistol. The men having tossed for choice of stations, toed the mark, Albison on the inside, Sanderson next him, then White and Mills on the outside. To complete the distance, the ground had to be traversed four times, and 180 yards, this brought the starting post about half way up the hill, the mile finishing opposite the bottom corner of the house. On getting the signal, a fine start was effected, Albison at once rushing to the front, cutting out the running at a good pace; Sanderson and White next, side by side; Mills last, well up. As they neared the top of the hill, after going about fifty yards, White, in a splendid dash, came to the front, and made the pace a "hot 'un," and before 300 yards had been traversed, was leading the way by twenty yards. (Shouts of "It's all over.") White held this commanding lead down the hill and along the bottom, Albison second, Sanderson third, about ten yards behind him, and Mills five or six yards in the rear of him. Now the different styles of the men could be seen to advantage, White bounding over the course with light and graceful action, scarcely seeming to touch the ground; Albison sweeping along with immense and powerful stride; "Treacle" lurching along in anything but pretty style; Teddy bringing up the rear, and going on the top of his toes, like a ball of India rubber. Throughout the first lap, the same order of running was maintained; but as they breasted the hill the second time, Sanderson passed Albison and took the second place, Mills still last, but gradually creeping up.

As they streamed along the flat in Indian file, the sight was exciting in the extreme, for the pace was a cracker, the first lap being done in 1 min. 9 sec. Now they descend the hill, and as they enter the bottom, they are seen to be getting closer together, the lead held by White diminishing perceptibly, for at the finish of the second lap, he was not leading by more than half a dozen yards. Nearing the skeleton tent for the third time, Mills passed Albison, taking third place, Albison last, and thus they ran along the flat. Descending the hill, the first three took close order, and as they breasted the hill, Sanderson, amidst a roar of excitement, dashed past White, and showed the way at a merry pace by five yards, White second, Mills third, Albison tailed off. As they passed the house, not more than two yards separated one from the other. In the bottom, Mills drew up to White, and ascending the hill, ran into second place. On reaching the flat, the two leaders went further ahead, and it was perfectly clear that the race lay between them. As they passed the mile post, in 4 min. 29 sec., Mills was at Sanderson's quarters, and now began a most exciting struggle for victory. "Treacle," in the bottom, looked dead beat: and Mills, if anything worse; but on they went, both straining every nerve. Sanderson, however, ran the strongest; and, as they rose the hill, gradually got away from his man, until, on reaching the straight run in, he held a lead of a dozen yards, which he kept increasing at each stride. Mills, seeing his chance out, gave up thirty yards from home; White retired at the skeleton tent, and Albison stopped some 300 yards from the post. Sanderson thus went in a clever winner in 5 min. 36¼ sec., by which the belt becomes his own property.

DEERFOOT WINS A TEN MILE RACE.—The racing grounds at Hackney Wick were visited by something like 2,000 persons on Monday, March 2, to witness the race of ten miles between the renowned Deerfoot and W. Lang, of Middlesborough, for £25 a side. The course was in fine racing order, thanks to the pains bestowed on it by the indefatigable M. C., W. Price, and the liberal sums laid out by the proprietor, who spares no expense to get it into the best possible condition. The number of times that both competitors have been before the public recently, renders any account of their performances needless, but we may here mention the great disparity in the number of spectators at this and other grounds to witness the feats of the great sensation runner, for although the Monday previous he was announced to try the greatest feat ever performed by a pedestrian, not more than a fourth of the number of spectators assembled on Monday last to witness that great feat. The betting commenced at 2 to 1 on Deerfoot, but during the race turned to 6 to 4 on Lang. The race was set for half past four, but it was nearly five o'clock ere the competitors came on the course, Deerfoot having for his attendant Sam Barker, mine host of the Queen Catherine, Bethnal Green, while Jesse Smith esquired Lang. To complete the distance they had to make sixty-seven circuits of the course and 180 yards, and the referee having taken up his position, Bill Price marshalled them to the mark, and at the first attempt (they going by mutual consent) they got off, the Indian at once going to the front, and cutting out the work at a good pace; and as they came along the straight in the first lap, Deerfoot headed his opponent by two yards.

As both laid well to their work, a fine bit of racing ensued, Deerfoot, from the spurt he put on at starting, evidently did so for the purpose of "feeling" if he had the pace of the champion runner to whom he was opposed; while Lang, from the splendid form in which he raced up, gave unmistakeable proof that he was quite equal to what was thus far required of him. Throughout the first mile there was not the least variation in the positions of the men, and on passing the referee for the finish of this portion of the distance, it was ascertained that the mile had been run in 4 min. 48 sec. As they went along the back of the course for the commencement of the second mile, there was a perceptible diminution in speed on the part of the Indian, and this being noted by Smith, who was attending on Lang, he exultingly exclaimed to his man, "Look, Bill, he is glad to put on the 'break;' the pace has found him out." As, however, Lang drew closer, the Indian roused up into action with all his usual energy, and still holding command of the lead, went rattling along in admirable style, the match on the part of both being well sustained. Two miles were run in 9 min. 57 sec., three miles in 15 min. 12 sec., four miles in 20 min. 28 sec., five miles in 25 minutes 47 sec., six miles in 31 min. 16 sec., and the first seven miles in 36 min. 38 sec., the same order of running being maintained; Lang, however, now made a spurt, and going up the hill in the forty-sixth lap, took the lead, and held it for the next five laps, and his friends thought the race all over. Coming down the straight, however, Deerfoot once more assumed the lead, which he maintained to the finish of the race, winning by ten yds. The eight miles were run in 41 min. 58 sec., nine miles in 47 min. 29 sec., and the ten miles in 52 min. 44 sec.

TWENTY MILES WALKING MATCH.—A walking match of this distance took place at Birmingham on March 2, for £10 a side, between Smalley (who is well known in that city) and the veteran Bland. Bland was brought to the scratch by Alsop and Young Malins in very fine condition. His last performance previous to the present was nine years ago, when he walked a ten miles match against time, which he accomplished in 1 hour 26 min., since which time, up to his present engagement, he has been shelved. Smalley was attended by his trainer, the pugilist, Butcher, and Jones, *alias* Brushey, and it must be admitted that they did their part by him. Mr. Coates was referee, and at 11 o'clock, Smalley, having 3 min. start, entered upon his engagement with much spirit; he made two laps and a half (of which there were 158½ to be traversed to complete the distance.) Bland got off the mark in very beautiful style, but was unable to gain much on his game adversary. The first mile was accomplished by Smalley in 8 min. (showing it hot), the second in 16¼ min., the third in 25⅝ min., the fourth in 35½ min., the fifth in 46 min., the sixth in 56 min., the seventh in 64⅜ min., the eighth in 1 hour 14½ min., the ninth in 1 hour 24 min., the tenth in 1 hour 34⅜ min., the eleventh in 1 hour 44¾ min., the twelfth in 1 hour 55 min., the thirteenth in two hours 6 min. In the fifth lap of the 14th mile, Bland gave in, somewhat distressed, which might be attributed to his walking in exceedingly long spikes, which materially impeded his progress. Smalley walked two laps more, but the referee appealing to Bland, he was allowed to desist from further operations, Bland only having gained in this distance something like three quarters of a lap towards the two laps and a half Smalley had obtained in his three minutes' start. The betting, at starting, was at evens, at which a considerable sum changed hands; but, after the eleventh mile, 3 to 1, or almost any odds could be had on Smalley, who was walking in his usual style, which was very good, and being a thorough game ped., is difficult to shake off, as the veteran Coleman (who has contended with him on three occasions) and others, can testify. The walking throughout was much admired, and the best man won.

SEVEN MILES' WALKING MATCH.—Garratt Lane, Wandsworth, was visited on Monday, March 2, by several hundreds to witness the walking match of seven miles, for £50 a side, between Myers, of Newmarket, and Syms, of the City. Both men looked well and in good condition, but evidently a screw was loose somewhere, for offers of 2 and 3 to 1 on Myers were made. John Smith was chosen referee, and about five o'clock the men came on the course. Syms was attended by Bill Spooner, and Myers by Broad. A good start was made, Syms taking the lead at a good pace, both walking very fairly. Syms held the lead for the first mile, which was done in 7 min. 56 sec. Entering on the second mile, Myers made a spurt, passed Syms, and made such a gap between them, that at one mile and a half he was fully 100 yards ahead. He now slacked up, and Syms rapidly gained on him, until at the end of the second mile, done in 16 min. 2 sec., not more than six yards separated them. Myers here again spurted away, and, during the next mile, got a lead of 100 yards, and Syms gave up, leaving Myers to finish alone. The three miles were walked by Myers in 25 min. 27 sec.

TURF ITEMS.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON Steeple Chases will take place on Tuesday, April 7.

NORTHERN LIGHT was struck out of all his Liverpool engagements on Monday, March 2.

CAMBUSCAN, 3 years, has been bought by Lord Stamford, of Mr. Newland, and has gone into his lordship's stable, at Newmarket.

THE NORTHAMPTON MEETING.—The Electric and the Magnetic Telegraph Companies have made arrangements for laying down their wires to the Grand Stand. This will be an immense boon to the racing community.

SEVEN thoroughbreds belonging to Mr. Hilton, were put up to auction at Tattersall's on Monday, March 2, but the only one who found a purchaser was a two year old filly by Newcourt, out of Quick, knocked down for thirty guineas.

MR. NAYLOR has had a series of losses lately, for, besides the death of Turnus, he has had the misfortune to lose Fortunio, a promising two year old colt by Leamington, out of Fortuna, and the filly foal by Stockwell, out of Rosalinda, which was dropped some ten days before its time.

LATEST BETTING ON THE PRINCIPAL BRITISH TURF EVENTS.—CHESTER CUP.—Stradella, Jennings, 20 to 1 (off); Zetland, E. Parr, 22 to 1 (t); Caller Ou, I'Anson, 25 to 1 (t); Plover, Maloney, 33 to 1 (t); Amelia, J. Scott, 33 to 1 (t); Dunkeld, W. Brewtey, 20 to 1 (t), TWO THOUSAND.—Hospodar, Jennings, 4 to 1 (off); Saccharometer, Channell, 4 to 1 (off); Michael Scott, J. Scott, 12 to 1 (off); Blue Mantle, Harlock, 14 to 1 (t); Rapid Rhone, T. S. Dawson, 14 to 1 (t); Tom Fool, Stinton, 20 to 1 (t); 6 to 5 on Hospodar agst Saccharometer (t); 325 to 200 agst Hospodar and Saccharometer, coupled (t); 100 to 40 agst Hospodar and Blue Mantle, coupled (t). DERBY.—Lord Clifden, E. Parr, 6 to 1 (t and off); Saccharometer, Channell, 9 to 1 (off, t 10); Hospodar, Jennings, 12 to 1 (t); Carnival, Godding, 20 to 1 (t f); Tom Fool, Stinton, 25 to 1 (t); Automaton, Jos. Dawson, 1,000 to 35 (off); Blue Mantle, Harlok, 30 to 1 (t); National Guard, Watson, 33 to 1 (off); Early Purl, J. Scott, 40 to 1 (t); Rapid Rhone, T. S. Dawson, 40 to 1 (off); Taje, T. Taylor, 40 to 1 (off); Baldwin, H. Goater, 1,000 to 15 (t); Queen Bertha, J. Scott, 1,000 to 10 (t); Avondale, H. May, 1,000 to 10 (t); 20 to 1 agst Lord Glasgow's lot (t).

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE EIGHT-OARED RACE.—The race is definitely fixed for April 1. Oxford having given way to the necessities of Cambridge, when it was found impossible for the latter to leave on the day usually chosen. There is also good news respecting the management of the steamboats. There will be no boats let to speculators, which will materially reduce the number, and the captains of each boat will have orders to act under the direction of the gentlemen or club which has engaged it. There have been several changes in both boats since our last publication of the "weights," which has no doubt improved the chances of forming a good crew. The Oxford have already begun active training. Cambridge have undergone some very sharp practice, and commenced regular work this week. The supposition at present is, that the crews representing the sister universities will be as good, if not better, than any that have preceded them in their annual struggle for the "blue riband" of the river. Cambridge were knocked about in their practice up to the commencement of this week, and the shortcomings of the crew rectified as so

AMUSEMENTS.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
BRYANT BROTHERS, Proprietors. JOHN SIMPSON, Treasurer.
WINANS and BUCHANAN, Ushers. A. ROSS, Officer.
SEVENTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENOWNED
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The Company is composed of the following talented Artists:—
DAN BRYANT,

NEIL BRYANT,	S. C. CAMPBELL,
W. W. NEWCOMB,	G. W. H. GRIFFIN,
DAVE REED,	ROLLIN HOWARD,
W. L. HOBBS,	G. S. FOWLER, J. H. SIVORI,
G. A. CONNERS,	J. MORRISON, MAST. BURNSIDE,
FRANK LESLIE,	DAN EMMETT, LITTLE MAC.

In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c., &c. For Particulars see bills of the day.
Tickets 25 cents. 43-tf

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.
This popular establishment will
COMMENCE THEIR SIXTH REGULAR SEASON
MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 4th.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS
Consist of the following Gentlemen:

LON MORRIS,	N. LOTHIAN,
BILLY MORRIS,	R. M. CARROLL,
JOHNNY PELL,	J. QUEEN,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE,	F. WILMARTH,
E. W. PRESCOTT.	R. FREDERICKS,
J. L. GILBERT,	J. J. HILLIARD,
J. P. ENDRES,	D. J. MAGUINNIS,
AUGUST SCHNEIDER,	L. A. ZWISSLER.
D. W. BOARDMAN,	JAPANESE TOMMY.

The Management call particular notice to the above distinguished array of Talent.
Tickets 25 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
50-tf LON MORRIS, Manager.

AMERICAN THEATRE,
444 BROADWAY.
THE GREAT INSTITUTION OF THE AGE.
The only place of Amusement in America nightly presenting A STOCK COMPANY composed exclusively of STAR ARTISTS. Since the opening of this popular theatre, it has been the GREAT DESIDERATUM of intellectual amusement seekers. The only establishment presenting a performance combining all the best and most popular features of
OPERA,
MINSTRELSY,
DRAMA,
BURLESQUE,
GYMNASTICS, &c., &c.
Week after week its popularity has increased, while dozens of imitators (some with old ideas, some with new ideas, but the majority with no ideas at all) have sprung up like manna in the night, and died just as quickly. It stands firmly fixed on an
IMMOVABLE BASIS—
THE POPULAR WILL.
The talent of the world is at our command.
EVERY GREAT AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN STAR APPEARS FIRST AT
THE AMERICAN THEATRE, 444 BROADWAY.
Never in the history of public Amusements has there been seen upon one stage and at one time such a list of superior artists as are now performing here. Mark
C. E. COLLINS,
The World-renowned Comedian, Comic Vocalist, and Dancer, pronounced by the Press and the Public of Great Britain to be
THE GREATEST COMIC ARTIST OF THE AGE.
This opinion has been fully endorsed by the Public of New York.
T. L. DONNELLY,
The greatest Irish Comedian of the day, whose every word and action is redolent of "the brogue in its purity."
MISS FANNY FORREST,
America's favorite and best Vocalist. The Queen of Song. Her first appearance on Monday Evening.
CHARLEY WHITE,
The master delineator of the "Colored Man" as he is.
THE SCHULTZE SISTERS,
The beautiful and popular Danseuses and Vocalists.
MISS FRANCES LE ROY,
The exquisite Cantatrice and Danseuse.
CHARLEY GARDNER.
The great original Ethiopian Comedian.
J. WAMBOLD,
The monarch of Banjoists.
R. HART,
The popular representative of the Contraband Race.
Mdlle. AUGUSTA WALBY, Mdlle. MILLIE FLORA,
Mdlle. LOUISE, MISS MARY BLAKE,
And a full and Splendidly Efficient
CORPS DE BALLET,
Directed by the great Maitre de Ballet,
MONS. PAUL BRILLIANT.
Numerous Striking Novelties in course of readiness for speedy production.
The Management have great pleasure in announcing engagements with several
STAR ARTISTS,
Who will shortly appear. Due notice will be given.
ROBERT W. BUTLER, Proprietor.
MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager. 49-tf

JUST FROM NEW ORLEANS
AND THE ISLAND OF CUBA.
CROWNED WITH UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.
MAKE WAY FOR
THE GIGANTIC LEADING MINSTREL TROUPE OF THE PROFESSION.
MAMMOTH ORGANIZATION AND BRASS BAND.
Return of the far-famed and world wide renowned
DUPREZ & GREEN'S
ORIGINAL NEW ORLEANS & METROPOLITAN
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE AND BRASS BAND,
Also,
COM. FOOT and COL. SMALL,
the two smallest men in the world, outdoing Tom Thumb twenty-five per cent. They are 23 years old, weigh 22 pounds each, and only 28 inches high, admitted to be the greatest curiosity ever brought before the public. They appear in 24 different acts, expressly arranged for them. Just from New Orleans and through the Island of Cuba, where they met with unlimited success and were received nightly with roars of laughter and shouts of applause.

Stage Manager	J. E. GREEN.
Leader of Brass Band	C. LAVELLEE.
Musical Director	J. KELK.
Vocal Director	G. BIDEAUX.

The company is composed of the following eighteen Artistic and Brilliant
GREAT STARS OF ETHIOPIAN DELINEATORS.

J. E. GREEN,	GUSTAVE BIDEAUX,
J. K. CAMPBELL,	HARRY SLATE,
CHAS. H. DUPREZ,	M. AINSLEY SCOTT,
JOHN KELK,	CALIXA LAVELLEE,
FRED FLORENCE,	LOUIS WEST,
S. H. KELLOGG,	FLEM ADAMS,
EDWIN HOLMES,	GILBERT POND,
A. S. PRENTISS,	WM. DUBOIS,
GEORGE YOUNG,	SAM P. MARRION.

Being the Greatest Combination of Talent ever concentrated in one Company, excelling and far superior to all other Traveling Troupes in existence.
The whole under the control and direction of
DUPREZ & GREEN, Sole Proprietors.
The above popular Troupe will, during the remainder of the season, visit the Western and Eastern States, also the Canadas.
GRAND BALCONY SERENADES,
Each evening previous to opening the Doors,
BY THE UNEQUALLED
NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN BRASS BAND,
OF TEN PIECES.
Manager and General Director,
CHAS. H. DUPREZ.
Advertising Agent, A. S. PRENTISS. 44-tf

THE GREAT ORIGINAL
SANFORD, AND HIS STAR COMBINATION,
Have started on their SPRING TOUR, from his Opera House, Harrisburgh, Pa.
Now Performing at Concert Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa.
The name of SANFORD is sufficient guarantee of success, which has always been with him in every City and Town throughout the
UNITED STATES, GREAT BRITAIN, and THE CANADAS.
The Programme presented at each place we may have the honor to visit, will be strictly complied with, and a guarantee that all is
ORIGINAL AND INIMITABLE.
SAMUEL S. SANFORD,
50-1t* Manager and Proprietor.

MENAGERIE FOR SALE.—The following Animals may be purchased at a bargain. An enterprising man could make a fortune by running them as a Side Show to a Circus. One Grizzly Bear, one Silver Lion, one Bearded Sakl, the only one brought to this country for many years; a pair of Japanese Swine, the greatest Zoological Curiosities extant; a pair of Powees; a splendid pair of Anacondas; birds, etc. Enquire of WM. WALLACE, Broadway Menagerie. 48-tf

ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE AND AMPHITHEATRE, Leicester Square, London, England. The Proprietor is at all times ready to engage first class talent and novelty suitable to his Mammoth Entertainment. Terms liberal. Apply as above. 45-tf

WANTED—To travel with a SIDE SHOW, two good Comic Singers. Also, three young Ladies to sing and dance. None need apply who are not up to their business, good looking, and reliable. Address F. J. HOWES, 600 Broadway. 47-tf

AMUSEMENTS.

BENE EST RIDERE.
SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,
BRASS BAND,
AND BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
THE MONITORS OF MINSTRELSY,
Are now meeting with
GREAT SUCCESS
In all the Western Cities,
On their route to
ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO,
Where they will appear during the present season,
INTRODUCING
THEIR GREAT CHALLENGE PROGRAMME,
As performed only by these
AUTOCRATS OF ETHIOPIA,
THE MAMMOTH TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
In the ranks of this
ARMY OF ARTISTS
will be found
Five Original Comedians,
Nine Musicians,
Four Solo Singers,
Five Dancers,
And a host of Auxiliaries, to give due effect to their
ORIGINAL BURLESQUES.
The Best Quartet,
The Best Instrumentalists,
The Best Delineators, and
The Best Orchestra,
EVER KNOWN IN MINSTRELSY.
THE SUBSTANTIAL ETHIOPIAN CONFEDERACY,
ALL IRON CLADS.
The Largest Halls in the Country
Are too small to accommodate
THE VAST CROWDS
Who flock to see
THE GREAT ORIGINALS.
The most Stupendous
Ethiopian Organization
EVER KNOWN.
THE MAMMOTH ADVERTISING
OF THIS
POPULAR TROUPE
Has marked an Era
in the
ANNALS OF BURNT CORK,
And caused our rivals to
STAND AGHAST!
HUGE BILL-BOARDS
have to be
CONSTRUCTED
To Display
The Twenty-five
PICTORIAL POSTERS
That announce
The Advent of
THESE SABLE STARS,
Preceded by the
PASTE BRIGADE.
Gen. J. D. NEWCOOMB,
Avant Courier.
Col. R. BRIGHAM BROWN,
Advertiser and Paragraphist.
Maj. O. UNDERWOOD.
Programme Wrestler,
C. A. BOYD, Leader.
FRANK BOWLES,
Leader of Brass Band.
G. W. BAILEY, Property Man.
Tickets, 25 cents. Reserved Seats, 50 cents.
42- SAM SHARPLEY, Manager and Proprietor.

SIMMONS'S
STAR TROUPE OF MINSTRELS,
CONSISTING OF EIGHTEEN PERFORMERS,
WHO STAND WITHOUT A RIVAL.
"Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, endeavor to deserve it."
The care exercised in the selection of every Artist, is a guarrantee to the public that every one engaged is a STAR.
UNNPRECEDENTED COMBINATION OF ARTISTS.
CONSOLIDATION IN REALITY
OF
TWO COMPANIES.
THE MODEL ORGANIZATION OF THE WORLD,
Are now on a tour through the State of New York, on their way West. During the past week they have appeared to immense audiences, who have pronounced their performances truly humorous and side splitting; their language and actions of such a character that none, however fastidious, can possibly be offended, bespeaking Actors of the highest tone and perception.
THEIR SONGS, MELODIES, INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,
AND DANCING,
Forming one of the most pleasing Entertainments ever offered, led by
LEW SIMMONS, the Unrivalled Banjoist.

SAMUEL COLE,	WM. BLAKENEY,	J. R. TAYLOR,
J. H. SAVAGE,	D. RIST,	G. GERMAIN,
J. H. SADLER,	WM. BLYTHE,	C. SMITH,
G. DROSKIN,	F. WELLS,	WM. WALTON,
GEO. SMITH,	J. CHARLES,	HARRY KENTON.

WM. NICHOLS, Treasurer.
Col. T. ALLSTON BROWN, Advertising Agent. 45-

FOX'S CASINO,
CHESTNUT STREET, ABOVE SIXTH,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
R. FOX.....Sole Lessee.
THE STAR OF THE "CASINO" STILL IN THE ASCENDANT.
The Unerring Voice of the Public
PROCLAIMS THAT
FOX'S CASINO, FOX'S CASINO,
Is the most Respectable,
The most Comfortable, and
The most Popular place of Amusement
IN PHILADELPHIA.
"THE COMPANY"
The most Versatile,
The most Talented,
And the Largest,
THAT EVER APPEARED IN ANY MUSIC HALL
In the City.
Whatever is Great in the World of Talent, invariably finds a home at
FOX'S CASINO.
NOTE.—The above popular place of Amusement has now been in the tide of successful operation for upwards of Six Months, under the management of Mr. R. FOX, formerly Proprietor of CANTERBURY HALL, New York, during which period it has earned for itself the name which all other Managers have in vain tried to obtain, viz:
THE MODEL MUSIC HALL OF PHILADELPHIA.
Artists of real merit can find good engagements by applying either personally or by letter. Stars liberally treated with.
CHRIS NORRIS, Treasurer and Business Manager. 46-tf

THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
THE WORLD-RENOWNED
RUMSEY'S MINSTRELS!
Composed of the following Talented Artists:—

R. S. RUMSEY,	HARRY HAPGOOD,	WM. PRICE,
W. H. BROCKWAY,		H. BUTLER,
JULES STRATTON,		O. P. PERRY,
O. H. CARTER,		W. HERMAN,
GEO. WRIGHTMAN,		THOS. DEVERELL,
JAS. GAYNOR,		MASTER HENRY,
CARL SCHTLTZ,		NED WEST.

This Troupe are now on a Tour, and will visit the principal cities throughout the East and West.
The best Quartette,
The best Comedians,
In the Minstrel Profession.
45-tf HARRY HAPGOOD, Agent.

WASHINGTON VARIETIES.
ALBERT HAMBLIN & CO.....Proprietors.
JAMES PILGRIM.....Stage Manager.
OPENED FOR THE SEASON,
WITH A
FIRST CLASS COMPANY.
The Hall, for elegance and comfort, cannot be excelled by any similar Establishment in the country.
VERY SUPERIOR ENTERTAINMENTS,
Embracing Pantomimes, Ballets, Ethiopean Acts, Singing, Dancing, &c., &c., will be given.
First class artists desiring engagements may address
POST OFFICE BOX, 506,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 1863. 50-tf

ARTEMUS WARD'S
COMIC ORATIONS.
In answer to numerous propositions from the Proprietors of Public Halls to share receipts, Mr. BROWNE begs to respectfully state that he never makes arrangements of that kind. 47-4t*

HOWARD ATHÆNEUM,
BOSTON.
Ladies and Gentlemen wishing Engagements for the Spring Season, commencing on or about 11th May—and
☞ STARS wishing nights, will address the subscriber, care of CHARLES S. BERNARD & Co., 486 Broadway, cor. of Broome.
46-5t HENRY WILLARD, Lessee.

MELODEON, PITTSBURG, PA.—The Melodeon is the largest and most suitable Concert Hall in the city. The proprietor is at all times ready to engage first class talent suitable to his business. Terms liberal. Apply as above.
47-4t* WM. M. ALLEN, Sole Lessee and Manager.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF JOHN C. HEENAN in citizens dress, and fighting costume. 25 cents each, and sent post paid by W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y. 49-1t*

AMUSEMENTS.

CONTINENTAL THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA,
Walnut Street, above Eighth,
Sole Lessee and Proprietor.....FRED. AIMS.
THE MAMMOTH MUSIC HALL OF THE WORLD.
THE LARGEST AND MOST ARTISTIC COMPANY IN AMERICA.
TONY PASTOR,
The celebrated Comic Singer and Jester.
M'LLE HELENE,
The Premiere Danseuse of the age.
The Great Ethiopian Trio
JNO. MULLIGAN, ANDY LEAVITT, and DENNY GALLAGHER.
MISS ERNESTINE DE FAIBER,
MISS KITTY BLANCHARD,
MR. J. C. WALLACE,

MISS CLARA BERGER,	MR. MIKE McKENNA,
MISS JULIA PRICE,	MR. GEORGE W. SMITH,
MISS SUSIE SUMMERFIELD,	MR. C. McMILLAN,
MISS MAGGIE NICHOLS,	MR. TOM VANCE,
MISS KATE HUGHES,	MR. C. W. PARKER.
MISS KATE HAMILTON,	MR. JNO. RITTER,

MISS ROSA SMITH, AMELIA KELMIRE, LUCY STONE, ALICE LEACH, LUCY HAMILTON, CAROLINE MILLER. ANNIE ELDRIDGE, C. MORTON,
And the Famous Court of Beauty,
THE GREAT CONTINENTAL CORPS DE BALLET.
ADMISSION,

Parquet	25 cts.	Seats in Private Boxes	50 cts.
Orchestra Chairs	37 cts.	Gallery	10 cts.
Lower Private Boxes	$3 00	Colored Boxes	25 cts.
Upper Private Boxes	$2 00	Colored Gallery	15 cts.

Doors open at quarter before 7 o'clock.
Performance will commence at 8.
Artists of known ability, desiring engagements, will please address as above. 46-tf

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
THOS. MAGUIRE.....Proprietor and Manager.
SAM WELLS.....Musical Director.
SIGNOR ABECCO,
W. O'NEIL,
BILLY BIRCH,
BEN COTTON,
TOMMY PEEL,
SAM WELLS, W. M. BARKER,
JOE MABBOTT, T. F. BARNWELL,
MISS JENNIE MANDEVILLE,
MISS ALICIA MANDEVILLE,
AND A CAREFULLY SELECTED VAUDEVILLE COMPANY.
A Varied Entertainment will be offered, consisting of
SINGING, DANCING, WIT AND HUMOR,
BY THE ENTIRE MINSTREL TROUPE.
Also, to be presented,
NEW BURLESQUE EXTRAVAGANZAS, ETC., ETC.,
In which the entire Company will appear.
EVERY SATURDAY,
GRAND AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.
THE PRICES:
Dress Circle and Orchestra.....$1.00
Parquette.....50 cents. | Gallery.....25 cents.
Private Boxes.....$10.00 and $5.00.
Box Office open from 10 to 4 o'clock. 48-tf

THE NEW IDEA, 485 BROADWAY,
Late Wallack's Theatre.
CHAMBERLAIN & CO., LESSEES.
FIRST CLASS ENTERTAINMENT FOR FAMILIES.
FIRST CLASS ENTERTAINMENT FOR FAMILIES.
The above named house will open on the 16th of MARCH, with a first class company, in a varied entertainment, embracing the following branches:—
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